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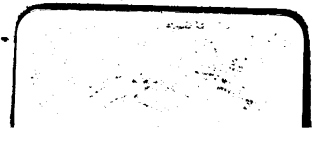

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THE

CHRISTIAN HERO:

AN

ARGUMENT

Proving that no

PRINCIPLES

BUT THOSE OF

RELIGION

Are Sufficient to make a

GREAT MAN.

——Fragili quærens illidere dentem
Offendet ſolido—————— HOR.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand.*

MDCCLV.

To the Right Honourable the

LORD *CUTTS*,

Colonel *of His* MAJESTY's Cold-Stream *Regiment of Guards*, &c.

My Lord,

THE Addreſs of the following Papers is ſo very much due to Your Lordſhip, that they are but a mere Report of what has paſt upon my Guard to my Commander, for they were writ upon Duty, when the Mind was perfectly

fectly diſengag'd and at leiſure in the ſilent Watch of the Night, to run over the buſy Dream of the Day; and the Vigilance which obliges us to ſuppoſe an Enemy always near us, has awaken'd a Senſe that there is a reſtleſs and ſubtle one which conſtantly attends our Steps, and meditates our Ruin.

Thoughts of this Nature, a Man may with freedom acknowledge to Your Lordſhip, who have ever been ſo far from running into the faſhionable Vice of exploding Religion, that your early Valour firſt appear'd againſt the profeſs'd Enemies of Chriſtianity; and *Buda* had tranſmitted you to late Poſterity, but that

that you yourſelf have obliterated your Part in that glorious Scene by the freſher Memory of you, at *Limerick* and *Namure*.

With one honeſt Purpoſe of Life, and conſtant Service of one Intereſt, and one Cauſe, in what Country have you not fought? In what Field have you not bled? But I know I here offend you, nor will you allow Warmth in Commendation to be like a Friend; but if, my Lord, to ſpeak you Generous, Honeſt and Brave be not ſo, I do aſſure you 'tis the only thing I'll ever do in common with your Enemies.

I ſaid your Enemies; but if there are any who have Ignorance or Malice enough to be

ſuch, their little Hates muſt be loſt in the Diſtinction the better World allow you; and that County (whoſe Diſcerning is refin'd by a learned and elegant Univerſity) has done you ſo great an Honour, in making you unanimouſly their Repreſentative in Parliament, that they who would oppoſe your Reputation, do but confeſs they are unacquainted with what paſſes in the World, and Strangers to the Reſidence of Knowledge and Virtue.

'Twas there you receiv'd thoſe Rudiments of Honour, which have render'd your Life conſpicuous enough to make you appear a worthy Deſcendant of an ancient and diſtinguiſh'd Family, which

which has ſerved the Crown in the moſt eminent Stations, and been equally Favourites of their Country; 'twas there you Receiv'd thoſe Impreſſions which inſpire that true Uſe of your Being, which ſo juſtly divides your Time, between Labour and Diverſion, that the one does but recreate for the other, and which give a generous Contempt of both, when they come in Competition with the Service of that Country which you Love, and that God whom you Worſhip.

Go on, my Lord, thus to contemn, and thus to enjoy Life; and if ſome great *Engliſh* Day does not call for that Sacrifice, which you are always ready

to

to offer, may you in a mature Age go to ſleep with your Anceſtors, in expectation not of an imaginary Fame, but a real Immortality.

As for the Preſent I now make you, if you'll accept it with your uſual Goodneſs and Affection to me, I ſhall entertain no further Hopes; for as your Favour is my Fortune, ſo your Approbation is my Fame.

I am, my LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Tower Guard, March 23, 1701.

moſt obedient, moſt faithful,

and moſt humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

PREFACE.

THE World is divided between two Sorts of People, the Men of Wit, and the Men of Buſineſs, and theſe have it wholly in their Power; but however Mighty the latter may eſteem themſelves, they have much the leſs Share in the Government of Mankind, and 'till they can keep the others out of Company as well as Employment, they will have an almoſt irreſiſtible Dominion over us: For their Imagination is ſo very quick and lively, that in all they enjoy or poſſeſs, they have a Reliſh highly ſuperior to that of ſlower Men; which fine Senſe of things they can communicate to others in ſo prevailing a manner, that they give and take away what Impreſſions they pleaſe; for while the Man

of

of Wit ſpeaks, he beſtows upon his Hearers, by an apt Repreſentation of his Thoughts, all the Happineſs and Pleaſure of being ſuch as he is, and quickens our heavier Life into Joys we ſhould never of ourſelves have taſted, ſo that we are for our own Sakes his Slaves and Followers: But indeed they generally uſe this charming Force with the utmoſt Tyranny, and, as 'tis too much in their Power, miſplace our Love, our Hatred, our Deſires and Averſions, on improper Objects; ſo that when we are left to ourſelves, we find Truth diſcoloured to us, and they of Faculties above us have wrapt things, in their own Nature of a dark and horrid Aſpect, in ſo bright a Diſguiſe, that they have ſtamped a kind of Praiſe and Gallantry on ſome Vices, and half perſuaded us that a Whore may be ſtill a Beauty, and an Adulterer no Villain.

Theſe Ills are ſupported by the arbitrary Sway of Legiſlative Ridicule, while by, I know not what Pedantry of good Breeding, Converſation is confined to indifferent, low, or perhaps vitious Subjects; and all that is Serious, Good, or Great, almoſt baniſhed the World: For

in

in Imitation of those we have mentioned, there daily arise so many Pretenders to do Mischief, that what seem'd at first but a Conspiracy, is now a general Insurrection against Virtue; and when they who really have Wit lead the way, it is hardly to be prevented, but that they must be followed by a Crowd who would be such, and make what shift they can to appear so, by helping one Defect with another, and supplying want of Wit with want of Grace, and want of Reputation with want of Shame.

Thus are Men hurried away in the Prosecution of mean and sensual Desires, and instead of employing their Passions in the Service of Life, they spend their Life in the Service of their Passions; yet tho' 'tis a Truth very little received, that Virtue is its own Reward, 'tis surely an undeniable one, that Vice is its own Punishment; for when we have given our Appetites a loose Rein, we are immediately precipitated by 'em into unbounded and endless Wishes, while we repine at our Fortune, if its Narrowness curbs 'em, tho' the Gratification of 'em were a Kindness, like the Indulgence of a Man's Thirst in a Dropsy; but this Distemper of Mind is never to be remedied, till Men will more unreserv-

edly

edly attempt the Work, and will reſolve to value themſelves rather upon a ſtrong Reaſon to allay their Paſſions, than a fine Imagination to raiſe 'em.

For if we beſt judge of things when we are not actually engaged or concern'd in 'em, every Man's own Experience muſt inform him, that both the Pleaſures we follow, and the Sorrows we ſhun, are in Nature very different from what we conceive 'em, when we obſerve that paſt Enjoyments are anxious, paſt Sufferings pleaſing in the Reflection: And ſince the Memory of the one makes us apprehend our Strength, the other our Weakneſs, it is an Argument of a trivial Mind to prefer the Satisfactions that lead us to Inquietude, before Pains that lead to Tranquillity.

But if that conſiſts (as it certainly does) in the Mind's Enjoyment of Truth, the moſt vexatious Circumſtance of its Anguiſh, is that of being in Doubt; from which Men will find but a very ſhort Relief, if they draw it from the Collections or Obſervations of ſedentary Men, who have been call'd Wiſe for propoſing Rules of active Life, which they cannot be ſuppoſed to underſtand: For between the arrogant and fanatic Indolence of ſome, and the falſe and pleaſurable

pleaſurable Felicity of others (which are equally Chimæras) a Man is ſo utterly divided, that the Happineſs of Philoſophers appears as fantaſtic as the Miſery of Lovers.

We ſhall not, 'tis hoped, be underſtood by ſaying this, to imagine that there is a ſufficient Force in the ſhort following Eſſay, to ſtem the univerſal and deſtructive Torrent of Error and Pleaſure; it is ſufficient if we can ſtand without being carried away with it, and we ſhall very willingly reſign the Glory of an Oppoſition, if we can enjoy the Safety of a Defence; and as it was at firſt attempted to diſengage my own Mind from deceiving Appearances, ſo it can be publiſh'd for no other End, but to ſet others a thinking with the ſame Inclination: Which whoever will pleaſe to do, will make a much better Argument for his own private Uſe, than any body elſe can for him: For ill Habits of the Mind, no more than thoſe of the Body, are to be cured by the Patient's Approbation of the Medicine, except he'll reſolve to take it; and if my Fellow-Soldiers (to whoſe Service more eſpecially I would direct any Thoughts I were capable of) would form to themſelves, (if any do not) a conſtant Reaſon of their Actions,

they

they would find themſelves better prepared for all the Viciſſitudes they are to meet with, when inſtead of the changeable Heat of mere Courage and Blood, they acted upon the firm Motives of Duty, Valour, and Conſtancy of Soul.

For (however they are diſeſteem'd by ſome unthinking, not to ſay, ungrateful Men) to profeſs Arms, is to profeſs being ready to die for others; nor is it an ordinary Struggle between Reaſon, Senſe, and Paſſion, that can raiſe Men to a calm and ready Negligence of Life, and animate 'em to aſſault without Fear, purſue without Cruelty, and ſtab without Hatred.

But virtuous Principles muſt infallibly be not only better than any other we can embrace, to warm us to great Attempts, but alſo to make our Days in their ordinary Paſſage ſlide away agreeably: For as nothing is more daring than Truth, ſo there is nothing more chearful than Innocence; and indeed I need not have been beholden to the Experience of a various Life to have been convinced, that true Happineſs is not to be found but where I at preſent place it; for I was long ago inform'd where only it was to be had, by the Reverend Dr. Ellis, my ever-honour'd Tutor; which great Obliga-

tion I could not but mention, tho' my Gratitude to him is perhaps an Accuſation of myſelf, who ſhall appear to have ſo little profited by the Inſtitution of ſo ſolid and excellent a Writer, though he is above the Temptation of (what is always in his Power) being famous.

THE

THE CHRISTIAN HERO:

OR,

No PRINCIPLES but thoſe of

RELIGION

SUFFICIENT

To make a Great Man.

IT is certainly the moſt uſeful Taſk we can poſſibly Undertake, to reſcue our Minds from the Prejudice with which a falſe and unreaſonable Fondneſs of ourſelves has enſlaved us. But the Examination of our own Boſoms is ſo ungrateful an Exerciſe, that we are forced upon a thouſand little Arts, to lull our Selves into an imperfect

Tranquillity, which we might obtain ſincere and uninterrupted, if we had Courage enough to look at the ghaſtly Part of our Condition: But we are ſtill Flatterers to our ſelves, and Hypocrites the wrong way, by chuſing, inſtead of the ſolid Satisfaction of Innocence and Truth, the returning Pangs of Conſcience, and working out our Damnation, as we are taught to do our Happineſs, *with Fear and Trembling*.

But this Misfortune we owe, as we do moſt others, to an unjuſt Education, by which we are inſpir'd with an Ambition of acquiring ſuch Modes and Accompliſhments, as rather enable us to give Pleaſure and Entertainment to others, than Satisfaction and Quiet to our ſelves: So Phantaſtical are we as to dreſs for a Ball when we are to ſet out on a Journey, and upon Change of Weather, are juſtly derided, not pitied, by the Beholders. How then ſhall we prepare for the unaccountable Road of Life, when we know not how long or how ſhort it will prove, or what accidents we ſhall meet in our paſſage? Can we take any thing with us that can make us chearful, ready, and prepar'd for all occaſions, and can ſupport us againſt all Encounters? Yes, we may (if we would receive it) a Confidence in God. Yet, leſt this be impos'd upon Men by a blind force of Cuſtom, or the Artifice of ſuch Perſons whoſe Intereſt perhaps it may be to obtrude upon our Mirth, and our Gaiety, and give us a melancholy Proſpect (as ſome Men would perſuade us) to maintain themſelves in the Luxury they deny us; let us not be frighted from the liberal uſe of our Senſes, or meanly reſign our preſent Opinions,

Opinions, 'till we are convinc'd from our own Reflection alſo, that there is ſomething in that Opinion which can make us leſs inſolent in Joy, leſs depreſs'd in Adverſity, than the Methods we are already engag'd in. And indeed the chief Cauſe of Irreſolution in either State, muſt proceed from the want of an adequate Motive to our Actions, that can render Men Dauntleſs and Invincible both to Pleaſure and Pain.

It were not then, methinks, an uſeleſs Enquiry to ſearch into the Reaſon that we are ſo willing to arm ourſelves againſt the Aſſaults of Delight and Sorrow, rather with the Dictates of Morality than thoſe of Religion; and how it has obtain'd, that when we ſay a thing was done like an old *Roman*, we have a generous and ſublime Idea, that warms and kindles in us, together with a certain Self-diſdain, a deſire of Imitation; when, on the other ſide, to ſay, 'twas like a Primitive Chriſtian, chills Ambition, and ſeldom riſes to more than the cold Approbation of a Duty that perhaps a Man wiſhes he were not oblig'd to. Or, in a word, why is it that the Heathen ſtruts, and the Chriſtian ſneaks in our Imagination? If it be as *Machiavil* ſays, that Religion throws our Minds below noble and hazardous Purſuits, then its Followers are Slaves and Cowards; but if it gives a more hardy and aſpiring Genius than the World before knew, then He, and All our fine Obſervers, who have been pleas'd to give us only Heathen Portraitures, to ſay no worſe, have robb'd their Pens of Characters the moſt truly Gallant and Heroick that ever appear'd to Mankind.

About the time the World receiv'd the beſt News it ever heard, the Men whoſe Actions and Fortunes are moſt pompouſly array'd in Story, had juſt acted or were then performing their Parts, as if it had been the Deſign of Providence to prepoſſeſs at that time, after a more ſingular manner than ordinary, the Minds of Men, with the Trappings and Furniture of Glory and Riches, to heighten the Virtue and Magnanimity of thoſe who were to oppoſe 'em all, by paſſing through Wants, Miſeries and Diſgraces; and indeed the ſhining Actions of theſe illuſtrious Men do yet glare ſo much in our Faces, that we loſe our Way by following a falſe Fire, which well conſider'd is but a deluſive Vapour of the Earth, when we might enjoy the leading conſtant Light of Heaven.

To make therefore a juſt Judgment in our Conduct, let us conſider two or three of the moſt eminent Heathen, and obſerve whether they or we, are better appointed for the hard and weary March of human Life; for which Examination we will not look into the Cloſets of Men of Reflection and Retirement, but into the Practice and Reſolution of thoſe of Action and Enterpriſe. There were never Perſons more conſpicuouſly of this latter ſort, than thoſe concern'd in the Fortunes and Death of *Cæſar*; and ſince the Pulſe of Man then beat at the higheſt, we will think it ſufficient to our Purpoſe carefully to review Him, and Them, as they march by us, and if we can ſee any apparent Defect in their Armour, find out ſome way to mend it in our own. But it will require all our Patience, by taking notice of the minuteſt

minuteſt Things, to come at (what is abſolutely neceſſary to us) the Receſſes of their Hearts, and Folds of their Tempers.

Salluſt has tranſmitted to us two very great, but very different Perſonages, *Cæſar* and *Cato*, and placed them together in the moſt judicious Manner for appearing to advantage, by the alternate Light and Shade of each other: *Cæſar*'s Bounty, Magnificence, Popular and Sumptuous Entertainments ſtole an univerſal Affection; *Cato*'s Parſimony, Integrity, Auſtere and Rigid Behaviour commanded as univerſal Reverence: None could do an ungentile thing before *Cæſar*, none a looſe one before *Cato*: To one 'twas Recommendation enough to be Miſerable, to the other to be Good: To *Cæſar* all Faults, were pardonable, to *Cato* none: One gave, oblig'd, pity'd and ſuccour'd indifferently; t'other blam'd, oppos'd, and condemn'd impartially: *Cæſar* was the Refuge of the Unhappy, *Cato* the Bane of the Wicked: *Cato* had rather be, than ſeem Good; *Cæſar* was careleſs of either, but as it ſerv'd his Intereſts: *Cato*'s Sword was the Sword of Juſtice, *Cæſar*'s that of Ambition: *Cæſar* had an excellent common Senſe and right Judgment of Occaſion, Time and Place; the other blunt Man underſtood not Application, knew how to be in the Right; but was generally ſo, out of Seaſon: *Cæſar*'s Manner made even his Vice charming, *Cato*'s even his Virtue diſagreeable: *Cæſar* inſinuated Ill, *Cato* intruded Good: *Cæſar* in his Sayings his Actions and his Writings was the firſt and happieſt of all Men: In his Diſcourſe he had a conſtant Wit and right Reaſon; in his Actions,

Gallantry and Succeſs; in his Writings, every thing that any Author can pretend to, and one which perhaps no Man elſe ever had, he mentions himſelf with a good Grace. Thus it was very natural for *Cæſar*, adorn'd with every Art, Maſter of every neceſſary Quality, either for Uſe or Ornament, with a ſteady and well-plac'd Induſtry to out-run *Cato*, and all like him, who had none and deſir'd none, but (an ever weak Party) the Good for his Friends.

Now this ſort of Men were *Cæſar* and *Cato*, and by theſe Arts they arriv'd at that height, which has left one's Name proverbial for a Noble and Princely Nature, t'other's for an Unmov'd and Inexorable Honeſty: Yet, without following 'em thro' all the handſome Incidents and Paſſages of Life, we may know 'em well enough in Miniature, by beholding 'em only in their manner of Dying: For in thoſe laſt Minutes, the Soul and Body both collect all their Force, either bravely to oppoſe the Enemy, or gracefully receive the *Conqueror*, Death.

Cæſar, by a long Tract of Succeſſes, was now become apparent Maſter of his Country, but with a Security that's natural to gallant Men, Heroically forgave the moſt inveterate of his Oppoſers: Now was he follow'd with Applauſe, Renown, and Acclamation: His Valour had ſubdued the Bodies, his Clemency the Minds of his Enemies: And how bleſs'd muſt the Earth be under his Command, who ſeems to court Dominion for no other end, but to indulge an inſatiable Mind in the glorious Pleaſures of beſtowing and forgiving? This was the Figure *Cæſar* bore in the World's Opi-

nion,

nion, but not in *Cato*'s. He was there a Tyrant in ſpite of the Gloſs of Succeſs and of Fortune, which could not create Appearances bright enough to dazzle his Eyes from ſeeing the Traitor in the Conqueror: He knew, to give a Man his own as a Bounty was but a more impudent Robbery, and a Wrong improv'd by the Slavery of an Obligation: He juſtly and generouſly diſdain'd that his Fellow-Citizen ſhou'd pretend to be his Lord; to his honeſt Mind a Pardon was but a more arrogant Inſult, nor could he bear the Apprehenſion of ſeeing his Equal inflict upon him a *tyrannical Forgiveneſs*: What then muſt this unhappy good Man do? Whither ſhall oppreſs'd Virtue fly from Slavery? From *Slavery? No.* He is ſtill Free, Lord of Himſelf, and Maſter of his Paſſions; *Cæſar* is the Captive, He is Shackl'd, He is Chain'd, and the numerous Troops which he boaſts the Companions of his Triumphs, and his Glories, are but ſo many Witneſſes of his Shame and Confuſion, to whom he has by an open Uſurpation manifeſted his broken Faith, falſe Profeſſion, and proſtituted Honour. But how far this Impreſſion of intrinſick Glory and Happineſs in ſincere, tho' diſtreſs'd Virtue, and the ſenſe of a wicked Man's abject, tho' proſperous Condition (which *Cato*'s Philoſophy gave Him) did avail in his afflicted Hours; the Reſolution he is going to take will demonſtrate.

He had now at *Utica* freſh and ſhocking Intelligence of the gathering Adherents to his Enemy, and could read, in his own Company, the mere Followers of Fortune in their Countenance, but obſerv'd it with a negligent and un-

daunted Air, concern'd only for the Fate of others, whoſe weak Pity of themſelves made 'em the Objects of his Compaſſion alſo. It was viſible by a thouſand little officious things he did, he was reſolv'd to leave this bad World: For he ſpent the Day, which he deſign'd ſhould be his laſt, in a certain Vanity of Goodneſs: He Conſulted, Perſuaded, and Diſpatch'd all he thought neceſſary for the Safety of thoſe that were about him; which Services they receiv'd from him, whoſe Intent they ſaw, with Tears, and Shame, and Admiration.

He continued the whole Evening this affected Enjoyment of his Friends Anxiety for him, which he rais'd by ſet Diſcourſes, and abated, or rather confirm'd, by a ſtudied Indifference, 'till he went to Bed, where he read *Plato*'s Immortality, and Gueſſes at a future Life: At laſt he enquir'd for his Sword, on purpoſe miſlaid by his Son; they did not immediately bring it, which he ſeem'd to take no notice of, but again fell to his Book: After his ſecond Lecture, he again wanted his Sword: Their Heſitation in letting him have it, threw him into an unſeemly Rage, and Expoſtulation with his Friends, whoſe obliging Sorrow with-held it: What has he done, what has he committed, to be betray'd into the Hands of his Enemy? Had *Cato*'s Wiſdom ſo far left him, that he muſt be diſarm'd, like a Slave and a Madman? What had his Son ſeen ſo indiſcreet in his Father, that he was not to be truſted with himſelf? To all this cruel and intemperate Queſtion, he was anſwer'd with the humbleſt Behaviour, tendereſt Beſeeching, and deepeſt Eſteem; They implor'd

plor'd his Stay amongſt 'em as their Genius, their Guardian, and Benefactor; Among the reſt, a fond Slave was putting in his Reſiſtance, and his Affliction, for which he daſh'd the poor Fellow's Teeth out with his Fiſt, and forc'd out of the Room his lamenting Friends, with Noiſe, and Taunt, and Tumult; a little while after had his Hand with which he ſtruck his Servant dreſs'd, lay down, and was heard to Snore; but ſure we may charitably enough believe, from all this unquiet Carriage, that the Sleep was diſſembled, from which as ſoon as he awak'd, he Stabb'd himſelf, and fell on the Floor; His Fall alarm'd his wretched Dependants, whoſe help he reſiſted by tearing open his own Bowels, and ruſhing out of Life with Fury, Rage, and Indignation.

This was the applauded Exit of that Noble *Roman*, who is ſaid with a ſuperior and invincible Conſtancy to have eluded the Partiality of Fortune, and eſcap'd the Incurſion upon the Liberty of his Country: It ſeems then, had he liv'd, his own had been loſt, and his calling himſelf ſtill Free, and *Cæſar* the Uſurper, a Bond-man and Slave, were but mere Words; for his Opinion of things was in reality Stunn'd by Succeſs, and he dy'd diſappointed of the Imaginary Self-Exiſtence his own Set of Thoughts had promis'd him, by an Action below the Precepts of his Philoſophy, and the Conſtancy of his Life.

Thus did *Cato* leave the World, for which indeed he was very unfit, in the Hands of the moſt Skilful Man in it, who at his entrance on its Empire, excell'd his paſt Glorious Life

by using with so much Temper and Moderation what he had purchas'd with so much Bloodshed and Violence: But we must leave, at present, this busy and *Incessant* Mind to the Meditation of Levelling inaccessible Mountains, Checking the Course of the Ocean, and correcting the Periods of Time: We must leave him employ'd in Modelling the Universe (now his own) in the secure Enjoyment of a Life hitherto led in Illustrious Hazards, and now every way safe, but where 'tis its Beauty to lye open, to the Treachery of his Friends.

Among the many Pretenders to that Character was *Cassius*, an able and experienc'd Soldier, bound to him by no less an Obligation, than the giving him Life and Quarter in Battel; He was of a Dark, Sullen and *Involv'd* Spirit, quick to receive, but slow to discover a Distaste; His Anger never flew into his Face, but descended to his Heart, which rankled and preyed upon itself, and could not admit of Composure, either from Religion or Philosophy; but being a perfect *Epicurean*, and fancying there were none, or if any, only Lazy and Supine Deities, must necessarily Terminate his Hopes and Fears in himself, and from his own Arm expect all the Good and Evil of which his Life was capable. This Man, in his Temper uneasy, and piqu'd by a certain Partiality of *Cæsar*'s to his Disadvantage, could not satisfy a Sedate Bloody Humour by any less Reparation than his Ruin; and having a revengeful Bias of Mind, a short Memory of Kindnesses, and an indelible Resentment of Wrongs, resolv'd to cancel an odious Benefit, by a pleasing

ſing Injury: To this Determination he was prompted by the worſt *only Good* Quality a Man can have, an undaunted Courage, which fermented in Him a reſtleſs and *Gnawing* Meditation of his *Enemy's, that is, his Benefactor's Death*; A Thought befitting the Greatneſs of his Ambition, and the Largeneſs of his pernicious Capacity; His Capacity, which conſiſted in a ſkilful Diſſimulation of his Faults; for being full of thoſe Vices which nearly approach, and eaſily aſſume the Reſemblance of Virtue, and ſeldom throw a Man into viſible and obvious Follies, he ſo well accommodated his ill Qualities to the good ones of thoſe with whom he Convers'd, that he was very well with the beſt Men by a Similitude of their Manners; His Avarice obtain'd the Frugal; his Spleen, and Diſreliſh of Joy, the Sober and Abſtinent; His Envy, and Hatred of Superiors, the Aſſerters of Publick Liberty: This conſiderable Wretch ſkilfully warm'd and urg'd ſome of his own Temper, whom he knew ready for any great Miſchief, to pull down the Over-grown *Cæſar*, and enſnar'd others by the ſpecious Pretence of a ſincere Love to his Country, to meet all Hazards for her Recovery; Theſe illuſtrious Ruffians, who were indeed Men of the moſt Weight, and the boldeſt Spirits of the *Roman* Empire, deſign'd to diſpatch him in the Eye of all the World, in open Senate; but neither their Quality or Accompliſhments were great enough to ſupport 'em in ſo Nefarious an Attempt, without there could be an Expedient thought of, to give it a more ſacred Eſteem, than any of their Characters could inſpire;

'Twas

'Twas therefore neceſſary to make *Marcus Brutus* of the Conſpiracy.

This Gentleman poſſeſs'd the very Boſom of *Cæſar*, who having had a Notorious Intrigue with his Mother, was believ'd to have thought him his Son; but whether that, or an Admiration of his Virtue, was the Cauſe of his Fondneſs, He had ſo tender a Regard for him, that at the Battle of *Pharſalia* he gave it in Orders to the whole Army, if he would not take Quarter to let him eſcape: He was, like *Cæſar*, addicted to Letters and Arms, and tho' not equal to him in his *Capacity for either*, above him in the uſe of both. He never drew his Sword but with a deſign to ſerve his Country, nor ever Read with any other purpoſe but to ſubdue his Paſſions, ſo that he had from Books rather an Habit of Life than a Faculty of Speech: in his Thoughts as well as his Actions he was a ſtrict Follower of Honeſty and Juſtice; all he ſaid, as well as all he did, ſeem'd to flow from a publick and unbias'd Spirit: He had no occaſion for the Powers of Eloquence to be able to perſuade, for all Men knew 'twas their Intereſt to be of his Mind; and he had before he ſpoke that firſt Point, the Good-will of his Audience, for every Man's Love of himſelf made him a Lover of *Brutus*. He had this Eminence without the leaſt Taint of Vanity, and a great Fame ſeem'd not ſo much the Purſuit, as the Conſequence of his Actions; Thus ſhould he do a thing which might be liable to Exception, Men would be more apt to ſuſpect their own Judgment than his Integrity, and believe whatever was the Cauſe of the Action, it muſt be a

good

good one, since it mov'd him: And tho' a perfect Love of Mankind was the Spring of all he acted; that Human Temper never threw him into Facility, but since he knew an ungrounded Compassion to one Man might be a Cruelty to another, mere Distresses without Justice to plead for 'em could never prevail upon him, but, all Gentle as he was, he was impregnable to the most repeated Importunity, even that of his own Good-nature.

Such was the Renown'd *Brutus*, and one would think a Man who had no ill Ambition to satisfy, no loose Passions to indulge, but whose Life was a Regular, Easy, and Sedate Motion, should be in little Temptation of falling into a Plot; but ill Men, where they cannot meet a convenient Vice, can make use of a Virtue to a base Purpose.

He was Lineally Descended from the famous *Brutus*, that extinguish'd the *Tarquins*, whose Debauches and Cruelties made a Regal Name in *Rome*, as justly odious as that of the *Bruti* venerable for the Extirpation of it; and *Cæsar* had very lately in the midst of an absolute and unlimited Power, betray'd a Fantastick Ambition of being call'd King, which render'd him Obnoxious to the Malice of the Conspirators and the Virtue of *Brutus*. This was the Place where the Magnanimity of that Patriot seem'd most accessible, for 'twas obvious, that He who wanted nothing else to spur him to Glorious Attempts, must be also Animated by the Memory of Illustrious Ancestors, and not like narrow and degenerate Spirits, be satisfied with the Fantalk of Honour deriv'd from others,

others, from whom, without a Similitude of Virtue, 'tis an unhappy diſtinction to deſcend.

Yet however hopeful this Handle appear'd, they could not ſo abrupty attempt upon his awful Character, as immediately to propoſe the Murder to him, without ſome diſtant Preparation of Mind to receive it. There were therefore theſe Words frequently dropt in his way, from unknown Hands: Thou art no longer *Brutus*; Thou art aſleep, *Brutus*; and the like; by which Artifice he grew very Thoughtful and buſy with himſelf, about the Purpoſe of theſe Advertiſements: One of ſuch Moments *Caſſius* took hold of, and opened to him the great Deſign for the Liberty of his Country from *Cæſar*'s Uſurpation: There needed no more to make him do a thing, but his Belief that 'twas juſt; He ſoon conſented that *Cæſar* deſerved to Die, and ſince he did, to die by his Hand. Gaining this Perſonage, made all ripe for Execution, and *Caſſius* poſſeſs'd a full Satisfaction in that he had engaged a Man in the Attempt, who in the Eyes of the People, inſtead of being fully'd by it, would ſtamp a Juſtice and Authority upon the Action; whoſe confirm'd Reputation was ſufficient to expiate a Murder, and conſecrate an Aſſaſſination.

Yet tho' his Juſtice made him readily conſent to *Cæſar*'s Death, his Gratitude upon Reflection ſhook his Reſolution to act in it; all which Conflict with himſelf we cannot view without the Incident of *Porcia*'s Story.

This Lady obſerved her Huſband fall on a ſudden from an eaſy, placid, and fond, into a troubled, ſhort, and diſtracted behaviour; ſhe ſaw his

his Mind too much employ'd for the conjugal Endearments, and kind Tenderneſſes, in which ſhe was uſually happy; yet upon this Obſervation grew neither Jealous or Sullen, but mourn'd his Silence of his Affliction to her with as deep a Silence: This Lady, I ſay, this noble *Roman* Wife, turn'd all her Suſpicion upon herſelf, and modeſtly believ'd 'twas her Incapacity for bearing ſo great a Secret, as that which diſcompoſed the ſtedfaſt *Brutus*, made him conceal from her an Affliction, which ſhe thought ſhe had a Title to participate; and therefore reſolved to know of herſelf, whether his Secrecy was a Wrong to her, before ſhe would think it ſo; to make this Experiment, ſhe gave herſelf a deep Stab in the Thigh; and thought if ſhe could bear that Torture, ſhe could alſo that of a Secret; the Anguiſh and Concealment of her Wound threw her into a Fever, in that Condition ſhe thus ſpoke to her Huſband.

* " I, *Brutus*, being the Daughter of *Cato*, " was given to you in Marriage, not like a Concubine, to partake only of the common Civi- " lities of Bed and Board, but to bear a part in " all your good and all your evil Fortunes; " and for my part, when I look on you, I find " no reaſon to repent this Match; But from Me, " what Evidence of my Love, what Satisfaction " can you receive, if I may not ſhare with you " in your moſt hidden Griefs, nor be admitted " to any of your Counſels, that require Secrecy " and Truſt? I know very well that Women " ſeem to be of too weak a Nature to be truſted " with Secrets; but certainly, *Brutus*, a Vir-

* Vid. *Mr.* Duke's *Tranſlation of the Life of* Brutus.

" tuous

" tuous Birth and Education, and a Converſa-
" tion with the Good and Honourable, are of
" ſome force to the forming our Manners and
" ſtrengthening our natural Weakneſs; and I
" can boaſt that I am the Daughter of *Cato*,
" and the Wife of *Brutus*. In which two great
" Titles, tho' before I put too little Confidence,
" yet now I have tried myſelf, I find that even
" againſt Grief and Pain I am Invincible."

She then told him what ſhe had done, but it is not eaſy to repreſent the kind Admiration ſuch a Diſcourſe muſt give a Huſband, and the ſweet Tranſport that was drawn from their mutual Affliction, is too delicate a Touch of Mind to be underſtood but by a *Brutus* and a *Porcia*. Yet tho' he was not too Wiſe to be tender to his Wife, when he had unboſom'd himſelf, in ſpite of this laſt Action, and a thouſand nameleſs things, that occurr'd to his Memory to ſoften him, he left his Illuſtrious Heroin in her Pains and her Sorrows, to purſue his public Reſolutions. But he is gone, and ſhe can burſt into thoſe Tears which the Awe of his Virtue had made her ſmother; for how, alas, ſhall the Heart of Woman receive ſo harſh a Virtue, as to gratify her Huſband's Will, by conſenting to his Ruin? How ſhall ſhe ſtruggle with her own Weakneſs and his Honour? But while ſhe lay in his Boſom ſhe learn'd all the Gallantry of it, and when ſhe ponders his Immortal Fame, his Generous Juſtice, and *Roman* Reſolution, her Mind enlarges into a Greatneſs, which ſurmounts her Sex, and her Affection: When ſhe views him in the conſpicuous part of Life, ſhe can bear, nay triumph in his Loſs;

Loſs; when ſhe reflects and remembers their Tenderer Hours, thus would he Look, thus would he Talk, ſuch was his Geſture, Mein, the Mirth, the Gaiety of the Man ſhe Loved (which Inſtances are more intimate Objects of Affection, than Mens greater Qualities) then ſhe is all Woman, ſhe reſigns the Great but laments the Agreeable Man; Can then my *Brutus* leave me? Can he leave theſe longing Arms for Fame? She has no juſt Notion of any higher Being to ſupport her wretched Condition; but however her Female Infirmity made her languiſh, ſhe has ſtill Conſtancy enough to keep a Secret that concerns her Huſband's Reputation, tho' ſhe melts away in Tears, and pines into Death in Contemplation of her Sufferings.

Such muſt have been the Soliloquy of this Memorable Wife, who has left behind her an everlaſting Argument, how far a Generous Treatment can make that tender Sex go even beyond the Reſolution of Man, when we allow that they are by Nature form'd to Pity, Love, and Fear, and we with an Impulſe to Ambition, Danger, and Adventure.

The World bore a Gloom and heavy Preſage of *Cæſar's* approaching Fate. 'Tis ſaid Wild Beaſts came into the moſt frequented Part of the City, Apparitions in the Streets, unuſual Illuminations in the Skies, and inauſpicious Sacrifices damp'd the Hearts of all Men, but the Aſſaſſins, who with an incredible Calm of Mind, expected the opportunity of Satiating their Vengeance in the Blood of the Uſurper; yet was not *Caſſius* himſelf wholly unconcern'd, for

for tho' he was as great an Atheiſt as any among Us can pretend to be, he had the Weakneſs and Superſtition at that time, to invoke a Statue of *Pompey* for his Aſſiſtance. It is obſervable, that *Cæſar*, the Evening before his Fate, in a Supper-converſation (at one of his Murderer's Houſes) on the ſubject of Death, pronounced a ſudden one to be the moſt deſirable; and a little ſhock'd with reiterated ill Omens, and touch'd with the foreboding Dreams and Frights of a tender Wife, reſolved to forbear going to the Senate on the Morning appointed for his *Execution*; which Difficulty *D. Brutus* undertook to get over; a Gentleman ſo ſuperlatively excellent that way, that he could not only upon ſuch an occaſion appear Compoſed, but alſo in very good Humour; this *ſneering* Ruffian rallied away his Fears, and with a very good Mein conducted his Friend to his Murder.

When he came into the Senate, they roſe to him, and with a pretended joint Petition for a Baniſh'd Man, the Aſſaſſins preſſed about him, as ſoon as he was Seated: He ſeverally check'd their Importunity, but while they were thus employ'd, one of 'em gave the Sign by throwing his Robe over his Neck; another, oppreſs'd with the Grandeur of the Attempt, made at him an irreſolute Paſs: He briſkly oppoſed the Villain, and call'd him ſo; They all ruſh'd on him with drawn Ponyards; ſtill he reſiſted, 'till he ſaw *Brutus* coming on, then with a generous and diſdainful Reſignation, yielded to the ſtroke of a Pardon'd, Obliged, and rewarded Friend. But there are in *England* a Race of Men,

Men, who have this Action in the moſt profeſs'd Veneration, and who ſpeciouſly miſcall the Rancour, Malice and Hatred of all Happier and Higher than themſelves (which they have in common with *Caſſius*) Gallantry of Mind, Diſdain of Servitude, and Paſſion for public Good, which they pretend to with *Brutus*; and thus qualified with Ill, ſet up for Faction, Buſineſs, and Enmity to Kings. But 'tis to be hoped theſe Men only run round 'till they are giddy, and when all things turn too, fancy themſelves Authors of the Motion about 'em, and ſo take their Vertigo for their Force; for ſure they have a futile Pretence to a good publick Spirit, who have an ill private one.

But there lies the Mighty *Cæſar*, an Eternal Inſtance how much too Generous and too believing thoſe unhappy Princes are, who depend upon the tie of Mens Obligations to 'em, without having their Opinions on their Side; for nothing hinders a Man's walking by the Principles of his Soul, but an Opportunity to exert 'em; when that occurs, the ſecret Enemy throws off his Maſk and draws his Dagger.

Yet Reflections of this nature are ſomewhat foreign to our Purpoſe, we muſt therefore follow theſe bloody Men, to a Fate as violent as they gave their Benefactor; for 'twas in Providence to fruſtrate their Counſels, by turning that Virtue to their Ruin, which they had enſnared for their Protection. The fearleſs *Brutus* had too much Clemency, to make this Blow ſafe by the Execution of the neareſt Adherents to *Cæſar*; His Safety conſiſted in his unbias'd Mind and undaunted Reſolution, which would not

not let him ſtoop to the taking away any Life below that of the greateſt of Mankind.

However this Injury was repair'd to *Cæſar*, for he was voted a God in the very Place where he ceaſed to be a Man; which had been a good ſaving Clauſe, could they have perſuaded his Succeſſor *Octavius* alſo, to have been contented with *Omnipotence*; but the young *Scholar* was ſo much enamour'd with this World, that he left his *Book* to diſturb and rule it; and to compaſs his End, took upon him the hopeful Reſolution of ſparing no Man, from a Reflection perhaps that his Uncle was Ruin'd by Mercy in his Victories.

But it is not our Buſineſs to fall into an Hiſtorical Account of the various Occurrences, which happen'd in the War between the *Cæſarian* Army and that of the Conſpirators, any farther than it is neceſſary for judging how far the Principles they walk'd by were uſeful to 'em in their greateſt Extremities. As *Brutus* one Evening ſat Penſive and Revolving the Paſſages of Life, and the Memory of *Cæſar* occurr'd to him, now perhaps not as a Traitor, a Tyrant or Uſurper, but as one he Lov'd and Murder'd; an Apparition appear'd (or he thought appear'd to him) which told him he was his evil Genius, and would meet him at *Philippi*; to which he calmly anſwer'd, *I'll meet thee there*: But he communicated a ſad Impreſſion which this made upon him to *Caſſius*, who in an *Epicurean* manner gave him a Superficial Comfort, by Diſcourſes of the Illuſions, our Fancies, our Dreams, and our Sorrows imprint upon the Mind, and make an imaginary a real Torment.

Yet

Yet the Night before the fatal Battle, he enquired (in case of a Defeat) his Resolution as to Flight and Death. To which *Brutus*:

* "When I was Young, *Cassius*, and unskilful in Affairs, I was engaged I know not how "into an Opinion of Philosophy, which made "me accuse *Cato* for killing himself, as thinking it an irreligious Act against the Gods, "nor any ways valiant amongst Men, not to "submit to Divine Providence, nor be able fearlessly to receive and undergo whatever shall "happen; but to fly from it: But now in the "midst of Dangers I am quite of another Mind, "for if Providence shall not dispose what I now "undertake according to our Wishes, I resolve "to try no farther Hopes, nor make any more "Preparations for War, but will Die contented with my Fortune, for I already have "given up my Life to the Service of my "Country on the *Ides* of *March*, and all the "time that I lived since, has been with Liberty "and Honour."

However Gallant this Speech may seem at first Sight, it is upon Reflection a very mean one; for he urges no manner of Reason for his Desertion of the noble Principle of Resignation to the Divine Will, but his Dangers and Distresses; which indeed is no more than if he had plainly Confess'd, that all the Schemes we can form to ourselves in a compos'd and prosperous Condition, when we come to be oppress'd with Calamities, vanish from us, and are but the Effects of luxuriant Ease and good Humour, and languish and die away with them.

* Vid. *Mr.* Duke's *Translation of the Life of* Brutus.

But

But to make this a fair Deduction from his Diſcourſe, let us Impartially (but with Tenderneſs and Pity) look at him in his laſt Pangs: At the Battle of *Philippi*, *Brutus* commanded the Right, *Caſſius* the Left of the Line: The firſt broke the oppoſite Wing of the Enemy, the ſecond was himſelf forced. But by a Failure in their Orders and Intelligence, each was ignorant of the other's Fortune; *Brutus* follow'd his Blow, and his Heat drove him too far before he thought of *Caſſius*, whom at laſt, with a ſtrong Detachment, he returns to Relieve. His Friend retreated to a riſing Ground, to view and bewail the Fate of their Cauſe, and commanded an Officer to obſerve that Body marching towards him: The Gentleman ſoon found 'em Friends, and confidently rid in amongſt 'em; they as kindly encloſed him to enquire News: Upon ſeeing this, the miſerable *Caſſius* concluded him taken by the Enemy, and giving all for loſt, retired into a Tent, where he was by his own Order kill'd by a Servant.

Here *Brutus*, whom neither the Fondneſs of an excellent Wife, Obligations to a generous Friend, or a Meſſage from the Dead could divert from meeting all Encounters, ſinks and falls into the moſt extream Deſpair.

He, with ſome others that eſcaped the Purſuit, retired to a Thicket of a Wood, where alſo finding they were traced, 'twas propoſed ſtill to Fly: But he, after having expreſs'd a Satisfaction (but a falſe one, ſince he could not live with it) in his Integrity, which he preferr'd to the Succeſſes of his Enemies, ran upon his Sword,

Sword, and transfix'd that great Heart with a ſuperfluous Blow, which ſure was before Stabb'd with the killing Reflection upon *Et tu Brute?*

Here let us throw a Veil over this miſtaken Great Man, and if poſſible, cover him from Human Sight for ever, that his ſeduced and *Ambiguous* Virtue may be no more Prophaned, as an Umbrage to the Counſels of perjured Friends, Sacrilegious Regicides, and implacable Deſperadoes.

Now the uſe we make of theſe Reflections, is, that ſince we have ſeen the mighty *Cæſar* himſelf fall into Superſtition at the Thought of his Exit, ſince *Cato*'s firm Conſtancy, *Brutus* his generous Zeal, and *Caſſius* his ſteady Malice, all ended in the ſame Dereliction of themſelves, and Deſpondence at laſt, we may juſtly conclude, that whatever Law we may make to ourſelves from the Greatneſs of Nature or the Principles of Philoſophy, for the Conduct and Regulation of Life, is itſelf but an Artificial Paſſion, by which we vainly hope to ſubdue thoſe that are Natural, and which will certainly riſe or fall with our Diſappointment or Succeſs, and we that are liable to both are highly concern'd to be prepar'd for either: At which Perfection there is no nearer way to arrive, but by attending our own Make, and obſerving by what means human Life, from its ſimple and Rural Happineſs, ſwell'd into the weighty Cares and Diſtractions with which it is at preſent Enchanted; and from this Knowledge of our Miſery, *Extract* our Satisfaction.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MAN is a Creature of ſo mixed a Compoſure, and of a Frame ſo inconſiſtent and different from *Itſelf*, that it eaſily ſpeaks his Affinity to the higheſt and meaneſt Beings; that is to ſay, he is made of Body and Soul, he is at once an *Engine* and an *Engineer:* Tho' indeed both that Body and Soul act in many Inſtances ſeparate and independent of each other: For when he Thinks, Reaſons, and Concludes, he has not in all that Work the leaſt Aſſiſtance from his Body: His fineſt Fibres, pureſt Blood, and higheſt Spirits are as brute and diſtant from a Capacity of Thinking as his very Bones; and the Body is ſo mere a Machine, that it Hungers, Thirſts, Taſtes and Digeſts, without any exerted Thought of the Mind to command that Operation: which when he obſerves upon himſelf, he may, without deriving it from Vapour, Fume or Diſtemper, believe that his Soul may as well Exiſt out of, as in that Body from which it borrows nothing to make it capable of performing its moſt perfect Functions. This may give him hopes, that tho' his Trunk return to its native Duſt he may not all Periſh, but the Inhabitant of it may remove to another Manſion; eſpecially ſince he knows only Mechanically that they have, not Demonſtratively how they have, even a preſent Union.

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And since this Mind has a Consciousness and superior Reflection upon its own Being and Actions, and that Thoughts flow in upon it, from it knows not what Source, it is not Unnatural for it to conceive, that there is something of a Nature like itself, which may, imperceptibly, act upon it, and where it cannot deduce its reasonable Performances from any corporeal Beginning, draw Hopes or Fears from some Being thus capable to impress Pleasure or Torment; which Being it cannot but suppose its Author.

But this its Author is incomprehensible to the Soul (which he has thought fit to imprison in Sense and Matter) but as he is pleas'd to reveal himself, and bestow upon it an Expectation of its Enlargement; yet were we to take the Account which poetical Writers give, and suppose a Creature with these Endowments wandring among other wild Animals, the intelligent Savage would not be contented with what Rapine or Craft could gain from his Brethren Beasts, but his Condition would still be as necessitous for his better Part; and his dark natural Enquiry would make him, for want of a more just Knowledge of his Creator, fall into Superstition, and believe every Fountain, Grove and Forest inhabited by some peculiar Deity, that bestow'd upon Mankind the Stream, the Shade and the Breeze.

But we are inform'd that the wonderful Creator of all Things, after he had given the Rivers to flow, the Earth to bring forth, and the Beasts to feed, saw and approv'd his Work, but thought a dumb, brute, and mechanick

World an imperfect Creation, 'till inhabited by a conſcious Being, whoſe Happineſs ſhould conſiſt in Obedience to, and a Contemplation on him and his *Wonders*.

For this reaſon Man was created with intellectual Powers and higher Faculties, who immediately beheld with Joy and Rapture a World made for the Support and Admiration of his new Being; how came he into this happy, happy State! whence the Order! the Beauty! the *Melody* of this *Living* Garden! Are the Trees verdant? Do the Birds ſing? Do the Fountains flow for no other reaſon but to delight and entertain him? How does he paſs through the moſt bright and delicious Objects, and how does he *Burn* to utter himſelf upon the *Ecſtatick* Motions which they give him! In ſuch ſweet Inquietude were the firſt Hours of the World ſpent, and in this *Laſſitude* of Bliſs and Thought our Parent fell into a profound Sleep; when his Maker, who knew how irkſome a lonely Happineſs was to a ſociable Nature, form'd out of his Side a Companion, Woman: He awak'd, and by a ſecret Sympathy beheld his Wife: He beheld his own rougher Make ſoften'd into Sweetneſs, and temper'd into Smiles: He ſaw a Creature who had as it were Heaven's ſecond Thought in her Formation) to whom he could communicate his Conceptions, on whom he could *Glut* his Eyes, with whom he could raviſh his Heart: Over this Conſort his Strength and Wiſdom claim'd, but his Affection reſign'd the Superiority: Theſe both *Equal* and both *Superior* were to live in a perfect Tranquillity, and produce as happy a Progeny: The Earth

and all its Fruit were theirs, Except only one Tree: Which light *Injunction* was all that was requir'd of 'em as an inſtance of their Obedience and Gratitude to his Bounty, who had given 'em every thing elſe. But ſuch was their Vanity and Ingratitude, that they ſoon forgot the Dependance ſuitable to a borrow'd Being, and were deluded into an empty hope of becoming by their Tranſgreſſion like their Creator, and (tho' juſt born of the Duſt) proud enough from that No-Exiſtence to diſdain one that was precarious: They did *therefore Eat* and were Undone: they offended God, and like all *their* ſucceeding Criminals againſt him, were conſcious that they did ſo: Innocence and Simplicity were baniſh'd their Boſoms, to give way to Remorſe and Conviction. Guilt and Shame are the new Ideas they have pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge: Their affronted Creator pronounces upon 'em a Sentence which they now think more ſupportable than the Pain of his offended Preſence, which he withdrew; and commanded Nature to give 'em no further voluntary Obedience; ſo that he was now to extort from her the continuance of their wretched Condition by Toil and Labour, and ſhe to bring forth Heirs to it with Pangs and Torture.

This is the Account we have from a certain neglected Book, which is call'd, and for its genuine Excellence above all other Books deſervedly call'd, THE SCRIPTURE: And methinks we may be convinc'd of the Truth or this Hiſtory of our Parents, by the infallible Spots and Symptoms of their Hereditary Diſeaſe in our Tempers, Pride and Ingratitude:

For what is more natural to us, than by an unreasonable Self-Opinion, (tho' we cannot but feel that we are but mere Creatures, and not of our selves) to assure to our selves the Praise and Glory of our Capacities and Endowments! and how lazy, how unwilling are we to *Eradicate* the deep and inward Satisfaction of Self-admiration? However it must be confess'd, that 'tis the most senseless and stupid of all our Infirmities; for 'till you can remember and recount to us, when that Thinking, *Throbbing* Particle within, first resolv'd to *wear* a Body, when it spun out its Arteries, Fibres and Veins, contriv'd the warm circulating Stream that runs through 'em, when you first ventur'd to let the Heart pant, the Lungs suck Air, and at last to launch the whole tender Machine into the hazard of Motion; 'till, I say, you can acquaint us with all this, you must kneel, fall down before him, by whom you were thus fearfully and wonderfully made.

But the first Pair, now suspicious of each other, banish'd the more immediate Influence and Presence of their Almighty Protector, were liable (Naked and Distress'd as they were) to be entangled by the Thorn and the Brier, and torn by the Lion and Wolf, who have ever since been prompted to fly in the Faces of the detested Ingrates: Therefore the increasing World, for their Defence against Themselves, and other Animals, were oblig'd to go into Contracts and Policies, so that human Life (by long Gradation) ascended into an Art: The Tongue was now to utter one thing, and the Bosom to conceal another; and from a Desire of Superiority

periority in our deprav'd Natures, was bred that unſatisfied *Hunger*, Ambition; a monſtrous Excreſcence of the Mind, which makes Superfluity, Riches, Honour and Diſtinction, but mere Neceſſities of Life, as if 'twere our Fate in our fallen Condition (leſt a Supply of what frugal Nature deſires ſhould be obtain'd) to find out an Indigence foreign to us, which is incapable of being reliev'd, and which (to confirm our Want and Miſery) increaſes with its Acquiſitions: Under this leading Crime, are Envy, Hatred, Cruelty, Cunning, Craft and Debate, muſter'd and arm'd; and a Battalion of Diſeaſes, Torments and Cares, the natural Effects of thoſe Evils, become our boſom Companions; from which no Arms can reſcue, no Flight ſecure us, but a Return to that God, in whoſe Protection only is our native loſt Seat of Reſt and Tranquillity. To which Abode ſince our Expulſion we cannot dare to approach, but Guilt which runs even to Succours it knows vain, makes us, with our firſt Parents in the ſame Circumſtances, hide from Omnipreſence: I ſaid in the ſame Circumſtances, for we have not only implicitly committed their Crime, as we were in them, but do alſo actually repeat it in our own Perſons: For when a created Being relinquiſhes the Power of its Creator, and inſtead of relying on his Conduct and Government, draws to itſelf an independent Model of Life, what does it but pluck from the Tree of Knowledge, and attempt a Theft of Underſtanding, from him who is Wiſdom itſelf? This is a tremendous Conſideration, yet is there not that Man breathing, who has any

where placed his Confidence but in God, and conſiders ſeriouſly his own Heart, but feels its Weight, nor can the Boſom under it receive any Impreſſion, but that of endleſs Deſpair.

But behold the Darkneſs diſperſes, and there is ſtill Hope breaking in upon our Sorrow, by the Light of which we may again lift up our Eyes, and ſee our Maker: For in the midſt of our deſerv'd Miſery, our Reconciliation is coming on through a Mediator, which is perfectly unconcern'd in our Crime: But tho' innocent of our Tranſgreſſion, aſſumes that and our Nature, and, as an Atonement for us, offers his Life a Ranſom, with this Regard on our Part, that as it is an Expiation, it is alſo an Example: An Example to inſtruct us, that not only the firſt Command laid upon us was a reaſonable one, but alſo the preſent Life eaſy and ſupportable, for he himſelf voluntarily undergoes it in its greateſt Calamities: He who had all things in his Power, and wanted all things, by inforcing an abſtinent uſe of Wealth, and patient enduring of Poverty, reſtores us not only to the Bliſs of leading this Life with Satisfaction and Reſignation to the Divine Will (which only is our true Life) but by a ſhort Paſſage through a momentary Death, tranſlates us to an happy everlaſting Exiſtence, incapable of Sorrow, Wearineſs or Change: To accompliſh which great Revolution, our glorious Deliverer from our ſelves deſign'd to eſtabliſh his Empire, not by Conqueſt, but a Right much more laſting, *Arduous* and *Indiſputable Conviction*; For our Slavery being Intellectual and in our own Boſoms, the Redemption muſt be there alſo; Yet

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the World, inchanted with its own imaginary Notions of Freedom, knew not how to receive ſo abſtracted a Manumiſſion, but contemn'd the Promiſe of Reſtoration to *Life* and *Liberty*, from a poor Man, who himſelf enjoy'd none of the Advantages which ariſe from thoſe *dear* (but *miſunderſtood*) Appellations.

May we then without Blame approach and behold this ſacred and miraculous Life? How, alas! ſhall we trace the myſterious Steps of God and Man? How conſider him at once in ſubjection to, and dominion over Nature?

The moſt appoſite, (tho' moſt ſlow) Method of reducing the World to its Obedience, was that our bleſſed Saviour ſhould appear in the deſpicable Attire which he did, without any of thoſe attendant Accidents which attract the Eye, and charm the Imagination: For the Knowledge which he was to introduce, being an Eternal Truth; the proper Manſion for it was in the Reaſon and Judgment, into which when it had once enter'd, it was not to be remov'd by any Impreſſions upon the lower Facûlties, to which it was not to be beholden for a Reception. There is not therefore one Inſtance in the New Teſtament of Power exerted to the Deſtruction, tho' ſo many to the Preſervation of Mankind: But to a degenerate Race, he that heals, is leſs valu'd than he that kills: Confuſion, Terror, Noiſe and Amazement, are what only ſtrike ſervile Minds; but Order, Symmetry, ſilent Awe, Bleſſings and Peace, are Allurements to the Open, Simple, Innocent and truly knowing; yet the very Nation among whom the Holy *Jeſus* deſcended to

Converſe, had (if we may ſo ſpeak) in a manner tir'd Heaven with appearing in the more pompous Demonſtrations of its Power: They paſs'd through Waves *Divided* and *Erect* for their March, they were ſupernaturally fed in a Wilderneſs, a Mountain ſhook, and Thunder utter'd their Law; Nations were Deſtroy'd to gain them Inheritance! But they ſoon forgot theſe Benefits, and upon the leaſt Ceſſation of Fear and Miracle, they deſerted their Creator, and return'd to their own Handywork Deities, who were as ſenſeleſs of their Makers, as themſelves were of theirs.

Thus ſhort-liv'd is Wonder, and thus impotent to fix (what we have ſaid our Lawgiver deſign'd) Conviction. For which Reaſon our Aſtoniſhment in the New Teſtament is more ſparingly rais'd, and that only to awaken our Attention to plain, eaſy, and obvious Truths (which ſupport themſelves when receiv'd) by the Authority of Miracle.

We read [*Matth.* iv.] that He was led into a Wilderneſs, where he wonderfully bore Hunger and Want for Forty Days; in the height of which Exigence and Neceſſity, the Tempter came to him, and urg'd him, if he were the Son of God, to relieve his preſent Miſery, by turning the Stones into Bread; which Attempt when he found fruitleſs, and obſerv'd that he wou'd uſe no ſupernatural Relief, but bear Human Nature and its Infirmities, he attacks him the moſt acceptable way to our *Weakneſs*, in the Supplies of Pride and Vanity: He ſhowed him the Kingdoms and Glory of the World, (which he had purchas'd from Man

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by his Defection from God) and offer'd him the Dominion of 'em if he would worship him, but our Lord contemn'd this also, and in his Want and Poverty retir'd into a private Village; where, and in the adjacent Parts, if the necessitous Man lay in Obscurity, the merciful God did not, for he never discontinued his visible benign Assistance, to the Relief of the Diseas'd, the Possess'd and the Tormented.

In his admirable Sermon upon the Mount, [*Matth.* v.] he gives his Divine Precepts in so easy and familiar a manner, and which are so well adapted to all the Rules of Life and right Reason, that they must needs carry throughout a self-evident Authority to all that read 'em, to those that obey 'em, from the firm Satisfaction which they inspire; to those that neglect 'em, from the Anxiety that naturally attends a contrary Practice: There is the whole Heart of Man discover'd by him that made it, and all our secret Impulses to Ill, and false Appearances of Good, expos'd and detected: Among other excellent Doctrines, one which methinks must be, to those who are so harden'd as to read the Divine Oracles with Unbelief, an irrefragable Argument of his Divinity: *But when thou prayest, enter into thy Closet, and when thou hast shut thy Door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.* [*Matth.* vi. 6.] Now it cannot enter into the Heart of Man, that any but God could be the Author of a Command so abstracted from all worldly Interests; for how absurd were it in a Being, that had not an Intercourse with our Souls, or knew

not their moſt ſecret Motions, to direct our Application to itſelf, ſo ſtrictly apart, and out of the Obſervation of any Power leſs than Ubiquitary.

There came to him a Captain, [*Matth.* viii.] in the Behalf of his Servant, grievouſly tormented with a Palſy: Our Lord promis'd him to come and heal him, but the Soldier (with an Openneſs and Sincerity of Mind peculiar to his Profeſſion) who could not believe in, or ſerve him, but with his whole Heart, told him, he knew Nature was in his Power with as deſpotick a Subjection, as his Men were under his, begg'd him only to ſpeak him whole, and he knew he would be ſo: Our Saviour extoll'd his honeſt, frank, and unreſerved Confidence, gave him a ſuitable Succeſs, ſending him away with this glorious Eulogium, that he had not found ſuch Faith, no not in *Iſrael*.

Thus did he beſtow Mercy and Salvation upon the eaſy and common Terms of ordinary *Friendſhip*, as if there needed nothing to make him, but believing he would be, their Benefactor. And who, in the leaſt Affairs, is a Friend to him that diſtruſts him?

In plain and apt Parable, Similitude and Allegory, he proceeded daily to inſpire and enforce the Doctrine of our Salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, inſtead of receiving what they could not oppoſe, were offended at the Preſumption of being wiſer than they: Is not this the Carpenter's Son, is not his Mother called *Mary*, his Brethren, *James*, *Joſeph*, *Simon* and *Judas*? [*Matt.* xiii. 55.] They could not raiſe their little Ideas above the conſideration of him, in thoſe

thoſe Circumſtances familiar to 'em, or conceive that he who appear'd not more Terrible or Pompous, ſhould have any thing more Exalted than themſelves; he in that Place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of Conquering the Prepoſſeſſion of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, [*Matth.* xv.] and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick and Maim'd; whom when their Creator had Touch'd, with a ſecond Life they Saw, Spoke, Leap'd and Ran; in Affection to him, and Admiration of his Actions, the Croud could not leave him, but waited near him three Days, 'till they were almoſt as faint and helpleſs as others they brought for Succour: He had compaſſion on 'em, commanded 'em to be ſeated, and with ſeven Loaves, and a few little Fiſhes, fed four thouſand Men, beſides Women and Children. Oh the extatick Entertainment! when they could behold their Food immediately increaſe, to the Diſtributer's Hand, and ſee their God in Perſon Feeding and Refreſhing his Creatures: Oh envy'd Happineſs! But why do I ſay envy'd, as if our Good God did not ſtill preſide over our temperate Meals, chearful Hours, and innocent Converſations.

But tho' the ſacred Story is every where full of Miracles, not inferior to this, and tho' in the midſt of thoſe Acts of Divinity, he never gave the leaſt hint of a Deſign to become a Secular Prince, or in a forcible or miraculous manner to caſt off the *Roman* Yoke they were under, and reſtore again thoſe diſgrac'd Favou-

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rites of Heaven, to its former Indulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apoſtles themſelves (ſo *deep ſet* is our Natural Pride) any other than hopes of Worldly Power, Preferment, Riches, and Pomp: For *Peter*, who it ſeems ever ſince he left his Net and his Skiff, dreamt of nothing but being a great Man, was utterly undone to hear our Saviour explain to 'em, upon an Accident of Ambition among 'em, that his Kingdom was not of this World; and was ſo ſcandaliz'd that he, whom he had ſo long follow'd, ſhould ſuffer the Ignominy, Shame and Death, which he foretold, that he took him aſide, and ſaid, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this ſhall not be unto thee:* [*Matt.* xvi. 22.] For which he ſuffer'd a ſevere Reprehenſion from his Maſter, having in his View the Glory of Man, rather than that of God.

The great Change of Things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer, to make his publick Entry into *Jeruſalem*, with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Oſtentation and Pomp of a Triumph: [*Matth.* xxi.] He came Humble, Meek, and Lowly; with an unfelt new Extaſy, Multitudes ſtrow'd his way with Garments and Olive-branches, Crying with loud Gladneſs and Acclamation, *Hoſannah to the Son of* David, *Bleſſed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord!* At this Great King's Acceſſion to his Throne, Men were not Ennobled but Sav'd; Crimes were not Remitted, but Sins Forgiven; he did not beſtow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech! The firſt Object the Blind ever ſaw, was the Author of Sight,

Sight, while the Lame ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hoſannah!* Thus attended, he entered into his own Houſe, the Sacred Temple, and by his Divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings, that prophaned it; and thus did he, for a Time, uſe a great and deſpotic Power, to let Unbelievers underſtand, that it was not Want of, but Superiority to all worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it: But is this then the Saviour, is this the Deliverer? ſhall this obſcure *Nazarene* command *Iſrael*, and ſit upon the Throne of *David?* ſuch were the unpleaſant Forms that ran in the Thoughts of the then Powerful in *Jeruſalem*, upon the moſt truly Glorious Entry that ever Prince made, for there was not one that followed him, who was not in his Intereſt; their proud and diſdainful Hearts, which were petrified with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of ſo mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exaſperated with Benefits to conſpire his Death: Our Lord was ſenſible of their Deſign, and prepared his Diſciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more diſtinctly what ſhould befal him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Reſolution, and in a Fluſh of Temper, made a ſanguine Proteſtation [*Matt.* xxvi. 33.] that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Buſineſs in the World, to bring us to a Senſe of our Inability, without God's Aſſiſtance to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought ſo well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he ſhould deny him thrice that very Night.

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But what Heart can conceive? What Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder Buffeted, Mock'd and Spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour and my God? And will he die to expiate thoſe very Injuries? See where they have nail'd the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken! His Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity, and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy! Lo he inclines his Head to his ſacred Boſom! Hark he Groans, ſee he Expires! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burſt, the Dead Ariſe; Which are the Quick? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator!

CHAP. III.

THERE was nothing in our Saviour's own Deportment, or in the Principles He introduced for our Conduct, but what was ſo far from Oppoſing, that they might naturally fall in with the Statutes or Forms of any Civil Government whatever, and regarded 'em no otherwiſe than to make us more Obedient to 'em: Yet the Profeſſors of this Doctrine were told they were to meet but very little Quarter, for the acceptable Service they were to do 'em, but muſt lay down their very Lives to bring us to a Contempt of their Grandeur, in Compariſon of greater and higher Purſuits: In order

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to this Great End, their deſpicable Artillery were Poverty and Meekneſs; the Conſideration therefore of thoſe Arms is no Digreſſion from our Purpoſe: It is in every Body's Obſervation with what Diſadvantage a poor Man enters upon the moſt Ordinary Affairs, much more diſputing with the whole World, and in contradiction of the Rich, that is, the Wiſe; For as certainly as Wealth gives Acceptance and Grace to all that its Poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo Poverty creates Diſeſteem, Scorn, and Prejudice to all the Undertakings of the Indigent: The neceſſitous Man has neither Hands, Lips, or Underſtanding, for his own, or Friend's uſe, but is in the ſame Condition with the Sick, with this Difference only, that his is an Infection no Man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or if he does, 'tis ſeldom, with ſo much Pity, as Contempt, and rather for the Oſtentation of the Phyſician, than Compaſſion on the Patient: It is a Circumſtance, wherein a Man finds all the Good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the Ill unavoidable; and the poor Hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor Villain hang'd: Under theſe Preſſures the poor Man ſpeaks with Heſitation, undertakes with Irreſolution, and acts with Diſappointment: He is ſlighted in Mens Converſations, overlook'd in their Aſſemblies, and beaten at their Doors: But from whence alas has he this Treatment? from a Creature that has only the Supply of, but not an Exemption from the Wants, for which he deſpiſes him: For ſuch is the unaccountable Inſolence of Man, that he will not ſee that he who is ſupported, is in the ſame Claſs of natural

tural Neceſſity with him that wants a Support; and to be help'd, implies to be indigent. In a Word, after all you can ſay of a Man, conclude that he is Rich, and you have made him Friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a Man in the World's Opinion, 'till you have ſaid he is Poor: This is the Emphatical Expreſſion of Praiſe and Blame, for Men ſo ſtupidly forget their natural Impotence and Want, that Riches and Poverty have taken in our Imagination the Place of Innocence and Guilt; he therefore that has ſuffered the Contumelies, Diſappointments and Miſeries which attend the Poor Man's Condition, and without running into baſe, indecent, or ſervile Arts for his Redreſs, hath return'd upon an inſolent World its Scorn, He (I ſay) has fought a nobler Fight, Conquer'd greater Difficulties, and deſerves a brighter Diadem, than ever Fortune beſtow'd on the moſt fonded and moſt gaudy of her Favourites: But to capacitate one's ſelf for this hard Work, how neceſſary is that Sublime and Heroick Virtue, Meekneſs? a Virtue which ſeems the very Characteriſtick of a Chriſtian, and ariſes from a great, not a groveling Idea of things: For as certainly as Pride proceeds from a mean and narrow View of the little Advantages about a Man's ſelf, ſo Meekneſs is founded on the extended Contemplation of the Place we bear in the Univerſe, and a juſt Obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepeſt Reſolves and Councils; and as (to a well-taught Mind) when you've ſaid an Haughty and Proud Man, you have ſpoke a narrow Conception, little Spirit, and deſpicable

cable Carriage, ſo when you've ſaid a Man's meek and humble, you've acquainted us, that ſuch a Perſon has arrived at the hardeſt Taſk in the World, in an univerſal Obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own Faults and other Men's Virtues, and at the height of pardoning every Man ſooner than himſelf; you've alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely and reſpectfully, is but a mere Juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame Offices: This Temper of Soul keeps us always awake to a juſt Senſe of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to Worms as to Angels, and as nothing is above theſe, ſo is nothing below thoſe: It keeps our Underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all things appear to us great or little as they are in Nature, not as they are gilded or ſullied by Accident and Fortune.

Meekneſs is to the Mind, what a good Mein is to the Body, without which, the beſt limb'd and fineſt complection'd Perſon may be very diſagreeable, and with it, a very homely and plain one cannot be ſo: for a good Air ſupplies the Imperfection of Feature and Shape, by throwing a certain Beauty on the whole, which covers the Diſagreeableneſs of the Parts; it has a State and Humility peculiar to itſelf above all Virtues, like the Holy Scripture, its ſacred Record, where the higheſt things are expreſs'd in the moſt eaſy Terms, and which carries throughout a condeſcending Explanation, and a certain Meekneſs of Stile.

With this Circumſtance, and this ready Virtue, the faithful Followers of a crucify'd Maſter

ſter were to ſhape their Courſe to an eternal Kingdom, and with that in Proſpect to contemn the Hazards and Diſaſters of a cruel and impenitent Generation. Great were the Actions and Sufferings of all our Bleſſed Saviour's Apoſtles; but St. *Paul* being peculiarly ſent to Us who were or are Gentiles, he, methinks, more particularly challenges our Regard: God, who beſtow'd upon others ſupernaturally the Gift of Tongues, but not of Arts, thought therefore fit to make uſe of him, already Maſter in ſome Meaſure of both, and qualified to converſe with the politer World by his Acquaintance with their Studies, Laws, and Cuſtoms: But tho' he ſhows himſelf by frequent briſk Sallies and quick Interrogatories, ſkilful in approaching the Paſſions by Rhetorick, yet he is very modeſt in any of thoſe Ornaments, and ſtrikes all along at the Reaſon, where he never fails to convince the attentive and unprejudiced; and tho' his Perſon was very deſpicable (which to a Stranger is almoſt an inſuperable Inconvenience) yet ſuch was the Power of the commanding Truth which he utter'd, and his Skill how and when to utter it, that there every where appears in his Character, either the Man of Buſineſs, the Gentleman, the Hero, the Apoſtle, or the Martyr; which Eminence above the other Apoſtles, might well be expected from his ſanguine and undertaking Complexion, temper'd by Education, and quickned by Grace: 'Tis true indeed, he had oppoſed in the moſt outragious and violent Manner this new Faith, and was acceſſary to the Murder of the glorious Leader of the Army of Martyrs,

tyrs, St. *Stephen*; but that fierce Diſpoſition fell off with the Scales from his Eyes, and God, who ever regards the Intention, changed his miſtaken Method of ſerving him, and he is now ready to promote the ſame Religion by his Sufferings, which before he would have extirpated by his Perſecutions. He and his Companion had made very great Progreſs in the Converſion both of Jews and Gentiles, but certain Unbelievers prompted the Multitude to a Reſolution, at a general Aſſembly, to aſſaſſine 'em, [*Acts* xiv.] but they, advertis'd of it, fled unto *Lycaonia*, where their Actions and Eloquence were very ſucceſsful; but at *Lyſtra*, a certain poor Cripple (from his Mother's Womb) heard him with very particular Attention and Devotion, whom the Apoſtle (obſerving in his very Countenance his warm Contrition and Preparation of Soul to receive the Benefit) commanded to ſtand up, upon which he immediately jump'd upon his legs, and walk'd: This Miracle alarm'd the whole City, who believed their Gods had deſcended in human Shapes: *Barnabas* was immediately *Jove*, and *Paul* his *Mercury*: The Prieſt of *Jupiter* now is coming to ſacrifice to 'em with Oxen and Garlands; but they ran into the Multitude [*ver.* 15.] We are Men like you, are ſubject to the ſame Weakneſs, Infirmities, and Paſſions with yourſelves: We, alas! are Impotent of the great things ourſelves have done; your and our Creator will no longer let you wander in the Maze and Error of your Vanities and falſe Notions of his Deity, but has ſent us with Inſtances of his Omnipotence to awake you to a Worſhip worthy him, and worthy you

you. O graceful Paſſage, to ſee the great Apoſtle oppoſe his own Succeſs! Now only his Vehemence, his Power and his Eloquence are too feeble when they are urgent againſt themſelves; for with Prayers and Entreaties the Crowd could hardly be prevail'd upon to forbear their Adoration. But this Applauſe, like all other, was but a mere Guſt; for the Malice of certain Jews follow'd them from *Iconium*, and quickly inſinuated into the giddy Multitude, as much Rancour as they had before Devotion; who in a tumultuary Manner ſtoned St. *Paul*, and dragg'd him as dead, out of the Gates of the City; but he bore their Affronts with much leſs Indignation than their Worſhip: Here was in a Trice the higheſt and loweſt Condition, the moſt reſpectful and moſt inſolent Treatment that Man could receive; but Chriſtianity, which kept his eye upon the Cauſe, not Effect of his Actions, (and always gives us a tranſient Regard to tranſitory things) depreſſed him when adored, exalted him when affronted.

But theſe two excellent Men, tho' they had the Endearments of Fellow-Suffering, and their Friendſhip heightned by the yet faſter Tie of Religion, could not longer accompany each other, but upon a Diſpute about taking *Mark* with 'em, [*Acts* xv. *ver.* 39.] who it ſeems had before deſerted 'em, their Diſſenſion grew to the higheſt a Reſentment between generous Friends ever can, even to part and eſtrange 'em: But they did it without Rancour, Malice, or perhaps Diſeſteem of each other; for God has made us, whether we obſerve it at the Inſtant of

of being ſo or not, ſo much Inſtruments of his great and ſecret Purpoſes, that he has given every individual Man, I know not what peculiarly his own, which ſo much diſtinguiſhes him from all other Perſons, that 'tis impoſſible, ſometimes, for two of the ſame generous Reſolutions, Honeſty and Integrity to do well together; whether it be that Providence has ſo order'd it to diſtribute Virtue the more, or whatever it is, ſuch is the frequent Effect. For theſe noble Perſonages were forced to take different Ways, and in thoſe were eminently uſeful in the ſame Cauſe; as you may have ſeen two chymical Waters, aſunder, ſhining tranſparent, thrown together, muddy and offenſive.

The Apoſtle [*Acts* xvi.] was warn'd in a Viſion to go into *Macedonia*, whither he and his now Companion, *Silas*, accordingly went: At *Philippi* he commanded an evil Spirit to depart out of a young Woman; but her Maſter (to whom her Diſtraction was a Revenue, which ceaſed by her future Inability to anſwer the Demands uſually made to her) with the ordinary Method of hiding private Malice in public Zeal, raiſed the Multitude upon 'em, as Diſturbers of the public Peace, and Innovators upon their Laws and Liberties: The Multitude hurried 'em to the Magiſtrates, who happening to be as wiſe as themſelves, commanded 'em to be ſtripp'd, whipp'd, and clapp'd in Gaol: The Keeper receiving very ſtrict Orders for their ſafe Cuſtody, put 'em in Irons in the Dungeon; the abuſed Innocents had now no way left for their Redreſs, but applying

plying to their God, who when all human Arts and forces fail, is ready for our Relief, nor did St. *Paul* on leſs Occaſions implore præternatural Aſſiſtance;

* *Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice Nodus Inciderit.*——

Let not a God approach the Scene,
In Caſes for a God too mean.

We muſt, to Men of Wit and Gallantry, quote out of their own Scriptures. Their generous way of Devotion, and begging Aſſiſtance, was giving Thanks for their preſent Extremities: In the midſt of their Sores and Chains, they ſang Hymns and Praiſes to their Creator: Immediately the Bolts flew, the Manacles fell off, the Doors were open'd, and the Earth ſhook: The Gaoler awakes in Terror, and believing all under his Cuſtody eſcaped, went to diſpatch himſelf; but St. *Paul* calls to him, he comes and beholds his Priſoners detain'd by nothing but their amazing Liberty; the Horror, Sorrow, Torture, and Deſpair of a Dungeon, turn'd into the Joy, the Rapture, the Hallelujah, the Ecſtaſy of an Heav'n; he fell trembling at the Apoſtle's Feet, reſign'd himſelf to his Captives, and felt in himſelf the happy Exchange of his Liberty, for that Yoke in which alone is perfect Freedom. Early the next Morning, upon this ſtupendous Occaſion, the Magiſtrates ſent Orders thoſe Men might be releaſed: But St. *Paul*, who knew he had Law on his Side, and that his being a Priſoner made him not the leſs a Gentleman, and a *Ro-*

* Horace's *General Epiſtle to the* Piſo's, *Verſe* 105.

man,

man, ſcorn'd their pretended Favour, nor would regard their Meſſage, 'till they had themſelves, in as public a manner, acknowledged their Offence, as they had committed it, which they did by attending 'em in the Gaol, and deſiring in a ceremonious Manner they would leave the City; upon which the Apoſtle accepted his Enlargement, and when he had ſettled what Buſineſs he had in that Town, [*Acts* xvi.] left it and its Rulers to forget that painful Truth, which they had neither Power to gainſay, nor Ingenuity to acknowledge.

His taking leave of the chief of the *Epheſian* Churches, is hardly to be read without Tears, where, when he had reminded 'em of his whole blameleſs, diſintereſted, humble, and laborious Carriage, he acquaints 'em with his Reſolution of going to *Jeruſalem*, and never to return thither; he knew not, he ſaid, what would particularly befal him there, but that in general, Afflictions, Diſtreſſes and Indignities were the Portion of his Life, which he was ready to hazard or lay down in a Cauſe which has a certain ſweetneſs in it, that can make a Man embrace his Chains, and enjoy his Miſeries; what could be anſwer'd to his gallant Declaration and Behaviour, but what they did, [*Acts* xx. 38.] who *all wept ſore, and fell on St.* Paul's *Neck, and kiſſed him? Sorrowing moſt of all for the Words which he ſpake, that they ſhould ſee his Face no more.* Certain Jews of *Aſia* were glad to ſee him again at *Jeruſalem*, and inflamed the City with their perſonal Knowledge of his Carriage, to the Diſparagement of the Temple, and the Rites of their Nation:

Upon

Upon which he had been torn to Pieces, had he not been reſcued by the commanding Military Officer there; of whom (going with him as a Priſoner into the Caſtle) he obtain'd the Liberty of ſpeaking to the People: They heard him with great Attention, 'till he contradicted their Monopoly of God; at which they loſt all Order and Patience. But Oppoſition was ſo far from diſpiriting, that it did but quicken his Reſolution; for his great Heart, inſtead of fainting and ſubſiding, roſe and biggen'd in Proportion to any growing Danger that threatned him; however he is carried to his Impriſonment, but not even there to be without debate; for he is by the Commander's Order to be ſcourged, to which he does not paſſively, or baſely ſubmit, but aſſerts his *Roman* Privilege, and Exemption from ſuch Indignities.

He was thereupon next Morning brought down to a Trial by a Council of his own Nation, [*Acts*, *chap.* xxiii.] where, upon his very opening his Mouth, the Chief Prieſt commanded him to be ſtruck, for which he calls him Hypocrite and falſe Pretender to Juſtice, who could uſe a Man, he was to ſit as Judge of, ſo inhumanly; but his Good-breeding being founded upon no leſs a Sanction than the Command of God, he immediately recollects himſelf, and acknowledges his Error and Diſreſpect to the Dignity of his Office: Yet obſerving (by this Treatment from the Preſident of the Counſeil) the Uſage he was to expect, by a very ſkilful Turn he makes Friends in an Aſſembly unanimous in his Ruin, but in that only unanimous; for the *Phariſees*, in which Sect he

he was bred, compoſing part of the Court, he cloſes with their Belief of a Reſurrection, and there grounded the Cruelty he had met with among the Jews: This put 'em into ſo great a Flame, that to ſave him he was forcibly taken away into the Place from whence he came: His Enemies, gall'd to the quick at his eſcape, conſpir'd to kill him, when (upon the High-Prieſt's Requeſt) he ſhould be remanded to a Trial: A Nephew of the Apoſtle's acquainted him with this; he was neither afraid or amaz'd at the Intelligence, but like a Man of Buſineſs and the World, diſcreetly and calmly order'd the Youth to be introduc'd to the Captain, whom he knew anſwerable for the Safety of his Priſoner: The Officer in the Night ſent him with a ſtrong Party to *Fælix* the Governor of the Province, and directed his Accuſers to follow him thither: Before *Fælix*, one *Tertullus*, a mercenary Orator, baul'd an impertinent Harangue, introduc'd with falſe Praiſe of the Judge, and clos'd with falſe Accuſation of the Priſoner, who with cogent plain Truth and matter of Fact, baffled his barbarous Eloquence, and obtain'd ſo good a Senſe of himſelf and his Innocence with the Viceroy, that he gave him a private Audience on the Subject of his Faith; but inſtead of then making his Court to him, he fell upon his Excellency's own darling Vices, talk'd of Righteouſneſs, Temperance, and Judgment, with its Terrors for Neglect of ſuch Duties. In thoſe Heathen Times, it ſeems, it was uſual to have Exceſs, Wantonneſs, and Gluttony, to be the Practice of Courts, and the Apoſtle ſo nearly touched

his Lordſhip, that he fell into a ſudden Diſorder before his Inferior, and diſmiſs'd him 'till another Seaſon; he afterwards frequently was entertain'd by him, not without Hopes of a Bribe, which was alſo, in very old Times, the way to the Favours of the Great.

But *Felix* now leaving his Lieutenancy to *Feſtus*, this friendleſs good Man was a proper Perſon for a Tool to his Vanity, by doing an obliging Thing to the Jews, in leaving him ſtill in Cuſtody at his Departure, and no leſs uſeful to his new Excellency to be ſacrific'd to 'em upon his Entry: For at their Requeſt to have him brought to *Jeruſalem* (deſigning to diſpatch him by the Way) tho' he at firſt deny'd it, he afterwards propos'd it to the Apoſtle himſelf, to have the Iſſue of his Trial there: but he handſomly evaded his baſe Condeſcenſion, and their as baſe Malice, by appealing as a *Roman* to *Cæſar* himſelf, before whoſe Authority he alſo then ſtood: But he is ſtill kept in Goal in the ſame State, to gratify the Jews, 'till *Agrippa* the *Tetrarch* of *Galilee* came to wait on *Feſtus*, who (after he had been there ſome Days) entertain'd him with the Caſe of St. *Paul*, and acquainted him that he was at a Loſs what to do with him: He was ſo odious to the Jews, that he car'd not to enlarge him, and ſo Innocent in himſelf, that he knew not what Account to ſend with him to *Rome*: This mov'd *Agrippa*'s Curioſity to hear him himſelf: in very great Pomp, he, his Siſter, and whole Retinue came to his Trial: the Apoſtle made ſo excellent a Defence, that Mean, Wrong'd, Poor and Unfriended as he was, he was neither

neither Ridiculous or Contemptible to that courtly Audience, but prevail'd ſo far upon the greateſt and wiſeſt Man there, that he forc'd him to declare, *thou haſt almoſt perſuaded me to be a Chriſtian*; it would, methinks, be a Sin not to repeat his very handſom Anſwer.

I would to God, that not only thou, but alſo all that hear me this Day, were not only almoſt but altogether ſuch as I am, except theſe bonds. (*Acts* xxvi. *ver.* 29.]

His Appeal made it neceſſary in Courſe of Law, that he ſhould go to *Rome*: in his Paſſage thither, and in the Tempeſt, Hunger and Shipwreck, his Conſtancy was not a Support to him only, but alſo to the whole Company; and being thrown upon a barbarous Iſland, he did and receiv'd mutual Offices among the poor Savages, not yet cultivated into Ingratitude. At *Rome*, the other Priſoners were carry'd into ſafe Cuſtody, but he was permitted, with a Soldier only for his Ward, to live in his own hired Houſe, teaching the things which concern the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, no Man forbidding him; for it was only in *Nero's* Reign, nor had *Rome* yet arriv'd at the exquiſite and refin'd Tyranny of an Inquiſition. Thus we have been diſtinct in running through the more illuſtrious Paſſages of this conſummate Life and Character, as they are plac'd in Holy Writ, and may preſume, after all the Injuries we have done him, that there is not any Portraiture in the moſt excellent Writers of Morality, that can come up to its native Beauty; yet was not he contented to ſerve his God only by Example,

but has as eminently done it by Precept; where he purſues Vice, and urges Virtue with all the Reaſon, Energy and Force that either good Senſe or Piety can inſpire: And not upon the airy and fleeting Foundation of the Inſenſibility noble Minds bear to the Aſſaults of Fortune; which has been the Impertinence of Heathen Moraliſts, and among them *Seneca*.

" * A good Man is not only the Friend of " God, but the very Image, the Diſciple, the " Imitator of him, and the true Child of his " Heavenly Father; He is true to himſelf, and " acts with Conſtancy and Reſolution; *Scipio*, " by a croſs Wind being forc'd into the Power " of his Enemies, caſt himſelf upon the Point " of his Sword; and as the People were en- " quiring what was become of the General, " The General, ſays *Scipio*, is very well, and " ſo he expir'd. A gallant Man is Fortune's " Match: His Courage provokes and de- " ſpiſes thoſe terrible Appearances, that would " enſlave us; a wiſe Man is out of the Reach " of Fortune, but not free from the Malice of " it: and all Attempts upon him are no more " than *Xerxes*'s Arrows; they may darken the " Day, but they cannot ſtrike the Sun.

This is *Seneca*'s very Spirit, Opinion and Genius; but alas, what Abſurdity is here! after the Panegyrick of a brave or honeſt Man, as the Diſciple and Imitator of God, this is inſtanc'd in the baſeſt Action a Man could be guilty of; a General's diſpatching himſelf in an extream Difficulty, and deſerting his Men and his Honour; and what is this but doing a mean

* L'Eſtrange's 3*d part of* Seneca's *Morals*. Epiſt. 26.

Action

Action with a great Countenance? What could this Imitator of God, out of the Power of Fortune, do more in Obedience to what they call ſo, than ſacrificing his Life to it: But this is Bombaſt got into the very Soul, Fuſtian in thinking!

Quanto Rectius hic qui nil molitur Inepte.

How much better he?

Be ye ſtedfaſt, unmoveable, always abounding in the Works of the Lord, foraſmuch as you know that your Labour is not in vain in the Lord. [1 *Cor.* xv. *ver.* 58.]

Here is ſupporting ourſelves under Misfortunes, propos'd upon the reaſonable Terms of Reward and Puniſhment; and all other is fantaſtick, arrogant and ungrounded.

The Firſt Epiſtle to *Corinth* is moſt exquiſitely adapted to the preſent Temper of *England:* nor did ever that City (tho' proverbial of it) pretend to be more refinedly pleas'd than at preſent *London:* But St. *Paul* more emphatically diſſuades from thoſe embaſing Satisfactions of Senſe.

Meats for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; but God ſhall deſtroy both it and them. [1 *Cor.* vi. *ver.* 13.]

He, methinks, throws Bluſh and Confuſion in the Face of his Readers, when he argues on theſe Subjects; for who can conceive his Body the Manſion of an immortal Spirit, capable to receive the Aſpiration and Grace of an Eternal God, and at the ſame time, by Gluttony and Drunkenneſs, entertain in that Place Fuel to enflame themſelves into Adultery, Rage and Revenge? as if our Miſery were our Study, and

Chaſtity, Innocence and Temperance, (thoſe eaſy and agreeable Companions,) were not preferable to the Convulſions of Wrath, and Tortures of Luſt.

Know ye not that your Bodies are the Members of Chriſt, ſhall I then take the Members of Chriſt, and make them the Members of an Harlot? [1 *Cor.* vi. *ver.* 15.]

How ugly has he made *Corinna* at one Sentence? Shall I, who am conſcious that he who laid down an immaculate Body, to cleanſe me from the Filth and Stain of a polluted one, and know that the Holy Jeſus has promis'd to be preſent to all the Conflicts of my Soul, baniſh him thence, and be guilty of ſo unnatural a Coition, as to throw that Temple into the Embraces of a mercenary Strumpet?

But muſt we then deſert Love and the Fair,

The Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down.

No, God forbid! the Apoſtle allows us a virtuous Enjoyment of our Paſſions; but indeed extirpates all our falſe Ideas of Pleaſure and Happineſs in 'em; he takes Love out of its Diſguiſe, and puts it on its own gay and becoming Dreſs of Innocence; and indeed it is, among other Reaſons, from want of Wit and Invention in our modern Gallants, that the beautiful Sex is abſurdly and vitiouſly entertain'd by 'em: For there is in their tender Frame, native

native Simplicity, groundleſs Fear, and little unaccountable Contradictions, upon which there might be built Expoſtulations to divert a good and intelligent young Woman, as well as the fulſome Raptures, guilty Impreſſions, ſenſeleſs Deifications, and pretended Deaths that are every Day offer'd her.

No Pen certainly ever ſurpaſs'd either the Logick or Rhetorick of his Fifteenth Chapter: How does he intermingle Hope and Fear, Life and Death? Our riſing from our Graves is moſt admirably argued on the receiv'd Philoſophy, that Corruption precedes Generation, and the eaſy Inſtances of new Grain, new Plants and new Trees, from the minute Particles of Seed; and when he has buried us, how does he move the Heart with an *Oh Death where is thy Sting! O Grave where is thy Victory!* We have at once all along the quickeſt Touches of Diſtreſs and of Triumph. It were endleſs to enumerate theſe Excellencies and Beauties in his Writings; but ſince they were all in his more publick and miniſterial Office, let's ſee him in his private Life. There is nothing expreſſes a Man's particular Character more fully than his Letters to his intimate Friends; we have one of that Nature of this great Apoſtle to *Philemon*, which in the modern Language would perhaps run thus.

SIR,

"IT is with the deepeſt Satisfaction that I "every Day hear you Commended, for "your generous Behaviour to all of that

" Faith, in the Articles of which I had the Ho-
" nour and Happineſs to Initiate you; for
" which, tho' I might preſume to an Autho-
" rity to oblige your Compliance in a Requeſt
" I am going to make to you, yet chuſe I ra-
" ther to apply myſelf to you as a Friend,
" than an Apoſtle; for with a Man of your
" great Temper, I know I need not a more
" powerful Pretence than that of my Age and
" Impriſonment: Yet is not my Petition for
" myſelf, but in behalf of the Bearer, your
" Servant *Oneſimus*, who has robb'd you, and
" ran away from you; what he has defrauded
" you of, I will be anſwerable for, this ſhall
" be a Demand upon me; not to ſay that you
" owe me your very ſelf: I call'd him your
" Servant, but he is now alſo to be regarded
" by you in a greater Relation, ev'n that of
" your Fellow-Chriſtian; for I eſteem him a
" Son of mine as much as yourſelf; nay me-
" thinks it is a certain peculiar Endearment of
" him to me, that I had the happineſs of gain-
" ing him in my Confinement: I beſeech you
" to receive him, and think it an Act of Provi-
" dence, that he went away from you for a
" Seaſon, to return more improv'd to your
" Service for ever.

This Letter is the ſincere Image of a wor-
thy, pious, and brave Man, and the ready Ut-
terance of a generous Chriſtian Temper; How
handſomly does he aſſume, tho' a Priſoner?
How humbly condeſcend, tho' an Apoſtle?
Could any Requeſt have been made, or any
Perſon oblig'd with a better Grace? The very
criminal Servant, is no leſs with him than his

Son

Son and his Brother; for Chriſtianity has that in it, which makes Men pity, not ſcorn the Wicked, and by a beautiful kind of Ignorance of themſelves, think thoſe Wretches their Equals; it aggravates all the Benefits and good Offices of Life, by making 'em ſeem Fraternal; and the Chriſtian feels the Wants of the Miſerable ſo much his own, that it ſweetens the Pain of the oblig'd, when he that gives, does it with an Air, that has neither Oppreſſion or Superiority in it, but had rather have his Generoſity appear an enlarg'd Self-Love than diffuſive Bounty, and is always a Benefactor with the Mien of a Receiver.

Theſe are the great and beauteous Parts of Life and Friendſhip; and what is there in all that Morality can preſcribe, that can make a Man do ſo much as the high Ambition of pleaſing his Creator, with whom the Methods of Addreſs are as Immutable as the Favour obtained by 'em?

Here, methinks, we could begin again upon this amiable Picture, or ſhall we ſearch Antiquity for the Period and Conſummation of his illuſtrious Life, to give him the Crown and Glory of Martyrdom? That were a needleſs Labour, for he that has been in a Battle, has to his Prince the Merit of having dy'd there; and St. *Paul* has ſo often in our Narration confronted Death, that we may beſtow upon him that celeſtial Title, and diſmiſs him with the juſt Eulogy in his own ſpritely Expreſſion that he *dy'd daily*.

Now the Addreſs and Conſtancy with which this great Apoſtle has behav'd himſelf in ſo many

various Forms of Calamity, are an ample Conviction, that to make our Life one decent and conſiſtent Action, we ſhould have one conſtant Motive of Living, and that Motive a Confidence in God: For had he breath'd on any other Cauſe, inſtead of Application to the Almighty, he muſt (on many Occaſions which we have mention'd) have ran to the Dagger, or the Bowl of Poiſon: For the Heathen Virtue preſcribes Death before Stripes or Impriſonment; but whatever pompous Look, elegant Pens may have given to the illuſtrious Diſtreſs'd (as they would have us think the Perſons are) who, to evade Miſeries, have profus'd their Lives, and ruſh'd to Death for Relief;) If we look to the bottom of things, we ſhall eaſily obſerve, that 'tis not a generous Scorn of Chains, or delicate Diſtaſte of an impertinent Being, (which two Pretences include all the Varniſh that is put upon Self-murder) but it ever was, and ever will be, Pride or Cowardice, that makes Life inſupportable: For, ſince Accidents are not in our Power, but will (in ſpite of all our Care and Vigilance) befall us; what remains, but that we accommodate ourſelves ſo far, as to bear 'em with the greateſt Decency and handſomeſt Patience we are able? And indeed Reſiſtance to what we cannot avoid, is not the effect of a valiant Heart, but a ſtubborn Stomach: Which Contumacy, 'till we have quite rooted out our Pride, will always make things too little, and our Cowardice too large: For as Fear gives a falſe Idea of Sufferings and Attempts, as above our Strength, tho' they are not ſuch, ſo Vanity makes things deſpicable,

despicable, and beneath us, which are rather for our Honour and Reputation; but if Men would sincerely understand that they are but Creatures, all the distinctions of Great and Little, High and Low, would be easily swallow'd up in the Contemplation of the Hopes we entertain in the Place we shall have in his Mercy, who is the Author of all Things.

CHAP. IV.

BUT since we have hitherto treated this Subject in Examples only, (by a View of some eminent Heathen, by a distant Admiration of the Life of our Blessed Saviour, and a near Examination of that of his Apostle St. *Paul*) and since the Indulgence of Men's Passions and Interests calls all things that contradict their Practice, mere Notion, and Theory: We must from this Place descend from the bright Incentives of their Actions, to consider Lower Life, and talk of Motives which are common to all Men, and which are the Impulses of the ordinary World, as well as of Captains, Heroes, Worthies, Lawgivers, and Saints. Which when we have perform'd, if it shall appear, that those Motives are best us'd and improv'd, when join'd with Religion; we may rest assur'd, that it is a stable, sober, and practical, as well as generous, exalted and heroick Position, that true Greatness of Mind

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is to be maintain'd only by Chriſtian Principles.

We will venture then to aſſert, that the two great Springs of Human Actions are Fame and Conſcience; for tho' we uſually ſay ſuch a one does not value his Reputation, and ſuch a one is a Man of no Conſcience, it will perhaps be very eaſy to prove, that there ſeldom lives a Perſon ſo profligate and abandon'd, as not to prefer either the one or the other, even to Life itſelf; and by the way, methinks, the quick Pleaſure Men taſte in the one, and as lively Smart in the other, are ſtrong Arguments of their Immortal Nature: For ſuch abſtracted Sufferings and Enjoyments argue our Souls too large for their preſent Manſions, and raiſe us (ev'n while we are in theſe Bodies) to a Being which does not at all affect 'em, but which is wholly Spiritual and Immaterial.

So ſtrong (as we were going to proceed) is the Paſſion for Fame, that it never ſeems utterly extinct: For not to look among the Men of the Sword, (whoſe whole Pay it is) and who ſuffer infinite Hazards, Toils, and Miſeries, to enjoy it; not, I ſay, to dwell upon them, whoſe more profeſſed Purſuit is Glory, we ſhall find it intrudes alſo as reſtleſly upon thoſe of the Quill, nay the very Authors who conceal their Names, are yet vainer than they who publiſh theirs. They both indeed aim at your Applauſe, but the Mock-diſguiſe of themſelves in the former, is but a more ſubtle Arrogance, at once to enjoy your Eſteem, and the Reputation of contemning it: Nay, not only

only such who would recommend themselves by great Actions, and liberal Arts, but even the lowest of Mankind, and they who have gone out of the Road, not only of Honour, but also common Honesty, have still a remaining Relish for Praise and Applause. For you may frequently observe Malefactors at an Execution, even in that Weight of Shame and Terror, preserve as it were a Corner of their Souls for the Reception of Pity, and die with the sturdy Satisfaction of not appearing to bend at the Calamity, or perhaps desert their Accomplices, by the Sacrifice and Betraying of whose Lives we frequently see they might have saved their own.

By which last Instance (that the basest Men have still something punctilious to 'em) we may observe, that the Sense of Fame and Conscience is never quite kill'd, but that when we are come to the worst, we have only carried 'em into another Interest, and turn'd our Gratifications that way, only to different Objects; nor can it be imagin'd that the Love-Histories we daily hear young Fellows relate of the Favours and Fondness of debauch'd Women to 'em, can be all that time design'd for a Self-Accusation: No, their idle Minds have only shifted their Sense of things, and tho' they glory in their Shame, yet still they glory.

What then must Men do to make themselves easy in this invincible Passion, or how shall they possess a thing that is of so Inconsistent a Nature, that if they will be Masters of it, they must shun it? For if they speak to their own Advantage, or suffer another to do it

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to 'em, they are equally contemptible: Thus they spend their Lives in Purſuit of *an ever abſent Good*; and yet, tho' Applauſe muſt never come quite home to 'em, they are it ſeems miſerable, except they are conſcious that they have it.

Now if every Heart lies open to it, that Heart that is moſt paſſionate of it, muſt be in eternal Anxiety to attain it, though that very Love frequently leads to the Loſs of it: For when our utmoſt Bliſs is placed in this charming Poſſeſſion of Praiſe, and the World's Opinion of our Accompliſhments, a Flatterer needs no more in Attempts upon Mens Honeſty, and Women's Chaſtity, but their being convinced their Crimes may be a Secret: So eaſily, alas! are both Sexes led by Admiration into Contempt.

To rectify, therefore, and adjuſt our Deſires in this kind, we have the other concomitant Motive of a living Conſcience, or the Knowledge and Judgment of what we are doing; which in the Voyage of Life is our Ballaſt, as the other is our Sail: But tho' Fame and Conſcience, like Judge and Criminal, are thus placed together in us, they will have an Underſtanding, and go into each other's Intereſt, except there is a ſuperior Court in which both may be examin'd. Here was the unhappy Block on which the noble Heathen ſtumbled, and loſt his Way; for the bare Conſcience of a thing's being ill, was not of Conſideration enough of itſelf to ſupport Men in the Anguiſh of Diſgrace, Poverty, and Impriſonment. But Succeſs, Applauſe, Renown, Honour, and Command,

mand had Attractions too forcible for mere Men, to be relinquish'd but with Life itself; to which Truth, the braver and higher Part of the Heathen World have died Martyrs.

The different Sects and sortings of themselves into distinct Classes of Opinion, seem to be no other than the Prosecution of this natural Impulse to Reputation, which Class was Stoical, or *Epicurean*, or the like, according to the Force and Bent of their Complexions, which they misunderstood for their Conscience; and *Salust* begins his fine Story of *Catiline*'s Conspiracy, with an Acknowledgment to this Purpose, for he takes it to be the peculiar Duty and Superiority of the human Race above other Animals (which he calls prone and obedient to their Bellies) *Ne vitam silentio transeant*, not to let Life pass away in a lazy Silence; and further, *Is mihi demum vivere & frui Animâ videtur qui, negotio aliquo intentus Artis, bonæ famam quærit*. He only in his Opinion might truly be said to *live*, who being employ'd in some useful Affair, obtain'd a Reputation in an honest or liberal Art. Thus this Author of sober and excellent Sense, makes it the End and happy Consumption of a well-spent Life, to arrive at a good Fame: which makes our Assertion in the Beginning of this Discourse very natural, *viz.* That the Heathen Virtues, which were little else but disguised or artificial Passions, (since their Good was in Fame) must rise or fall with Disappointment or Success.

Now our good God, who claims not an utter Extirpation, but the Direction only of

our

our Paſſions, has provided alſo for this great Deſire, in giving it a Scope as boundleſs as itſelf; and ſince 'tis never to be ſatisfied, hath allow'd it an Aim which may ſupply it with eternal Employment.

Let your Light ſo ſhine before Men that they may ſee your good Works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven. [*Matt.* v. 16.]

In this Command is the whole Buſineſs of Reputation (about which we are ſo miſerably anxious) wholly rectified; and Fame no longer a turbulent, wayward, uneaſy Purſuit, but (when thus made a ſubordinate, and ſecondary Cauſe of Action) a calm, eaſy, indifferent, and untroubled Poſſeſſion.

And what more glorious Ambition can the Mind of Man have, than to conſider itſelf actually employ'd in the Service of, and in a manner in Conjunction with, the Mind of the Univerſe, which is for ever buſy without Toil, and working without Wearineſs.

Thus the Spirit of Man, by new Acquiſitions, will daily receive Earneſts of a nobler State, and by its own Enlargements better apprehend that Spirit after whoſe Image it was made, which knows no Confinement of Place.

This adjuſted Paſſion will make Men truly agreeable, ſubſtantially famous; for when the firſt Intention purſues the Service of the Almighty, Diſtinction will naturally come, the only way it ever does come, without being apparently courted; nor will Men be loſt thro' a Fondneſs of it, by Affectation in the familiar Life, or Knavery in the buſy.

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It is not a Stoical Rant, but a reaſonable Confidence in a Man thus arm'd, to be unmoved at Misfortunes; let the Sea, or the People rage; let the Billows beat, the World be confuſed, the Earth be ſhook; 'tis not to him a Terror, but a daily Requeſt of his to haſten the very laſt Day of human Nature, that he may finiſh this various Being, and enjoy the Preſence of his Maker in an endleſs Tranquillity.

Thus, by taking in Fame, the Chriſtian Religion (and no other Motive) has fortified our Minds on all Sides, and made 'em impregnable by any Happineſs or Miſery with which this World can attack it: And now, if it is impartially apparent to us, that the Chriſtian Scheme is not only the way to Eaſe and Compoſure of Mind in unhappy Circumſtances, but alſo the nobleſt Spur to honeſt and great Actions, what hinders, but that we be baptized, and reſolve all our perplex'd Notions of Juſtice, Generoſity, Patience, and Bravery, into that one eaſy and portable Virtue, Piety? which could arm our Anceſtors in this Faith with ſo reſiſtleſs and victorious a Conſtancy, that by their Sufferings, their Religion, from the Outcaſt and Scorn of the Earth, has aſcended Sovereign Thrones; and Defender of the Faith, and moſt Chriſtian King, are Appellations of the greateſt Monarchs of the moſt refined Nations; nor can we enough thank the Almighty, who has diſpoſed us into the World, when the Chriſtian Name bears Pomp and Authority, and not in its offenſive, low, and deſpiſed Beginnings: But alas! its State is as much militant as ever, for there are earthly and narrow Souls, as deeply

ſcandal'd

ſcandal'd at the Proſperity the Profeſſors and Teachers of this ſacred Faith enjoy, and object to 'em the Miſeries and Neceſſities of the primitive Believers: Light and ſuperficial Men! Not ſeeing that Riches is a much more dangerous Diſpenſation than that of Poverty; This we oppoſe as a Foe, That we run to meet as a Friend, and an Enemy does his Work more ſucceſsfully in an Embrace than a Blow: but ſince the Neceſſaries, Conveniencies, and Honours of Life, which the Clergy enjoy, are ſo great an Offence to their Deſpiſers, they are the more engaged to hold 'em dear; for they who envy a Man for what he has, would certainly ſcorn him without it; when therefore they are both in good and bad Fortune irreconcilable to 'em, may they always offend with their Happineſs; for it is not to be doubted, but that there are Biſhops and Governors in the Church of *England*, whoſe decent Hoſpitality, Meekneſs, and Charity to their Brethren, will place 'em in the ſame Manſions with the moſt heroic Poor, and convince the Miſtake of their Enemies, that the eternal Paſtor has given his worldly Bleſſings into Hands by which he approves their Diſtribution; and ſtill beſtows upon us great and exemplary Spirits, that can conquer the Difficulties and Enchantments of Wealth itſelf.

To follow ſuch excellent Leaders, it will be neceſſary we now conſider alſo, what may be our beſt Rule in that State we call our good Fortune; and enquire whether Chriſtianity can as well become its Profeſſors in the Enjoyments of Proſperity, as we have ſeen it

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has in the Hardſhips of Adverſity; this alſo we ſhall beſt know by contemplating our natural Frame and Tendency, which Religion either aſſiſts or corrects in theſe Circumſtances.

The eternal God, in whom we live, and move, and have our Being, has impreſſed upon us all one Nature, which as an Emanation from him, who is univerſal Life, preſſes us by natural Society to a cloſe Union with each other; which is, methinks, a ſort of Enlargement of our very ſelves when we run into the Ideas, Senſations and Concerns of our Brethren: By this Force of their Make, Men are inſenſibly hurried into each other, and by a ſecret Charm we lament with the Unfortunate, and rejoice with the Glad; for it is not poſſible for an human Heart to be averſe to any thing that is human: But by the very Mein and Geſture of the Joyful and Diſtreſſed, we riſe and fall into their Condition; and ſince Joy is communicative, 'tis reaſonable that Grief ſhould be contagious, both which are ſeen and felt at a Look, for one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to another to read his Heart: Thoſe uſeful and honeſt Inſtruments do not only diſcover Objects to us, but make ourſelves alſo tranſparent; for they, in ſpite of Diſſimulation, when the Heart is full, will brighten into Gladneſs, and guſh into Tears: From this Foundation in Nature is kindled that noble Spark of cœleſtial Fire, we call Charity or Compaſſion, which opens our Boſoms, and extends our Arms to embrace all Mankind, and by this it is that the amorous Man is not more ſuddenly melted with Beauty, than the compaſſionate with Miſery.

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Thus are we fram'd for mutual Kindneſs, good Will and Service, and therefore our Bleſſed Saviour has been pleaſed to give us (as a reiterated Abridgment of all his Law) the Command of loving one another; and the Man that imbibes that noble Principle is in no Danger of inſolently tranſgreſſing againſt his Fellow-Creatures, but will certainly uſe all the Advantages which he has from Nature and Fortune to the Good and Welfare of others, for whoſe Benefit (next to the Adoration of his Maker) he knows he was created: This Temper of Mind, when neither polluted or miſ-led, tends to this Purpoſe, and the Improvement of it by Religion raiſes on it an exalted Superſtructure, which inclines him, in his Words and Actions, to be above the little Crafts and Doubles with which the World beneath him is perplex'd: He is intrinſically poſſeſſed of what mere Morality muſt own to be a fantaſtical Chimæra, the being wholly diſintereſted in the Affairs of the Perſon he affects or befriends; for indeed when the Regard of our Maker is not our firſt Impulſe and Deſire in our Hopes and Purpoſes, it is impoſſible but that the Fondneſs of ourſelves and our own Intereſt muſt recur upon us, and leaven the whole Courſe of our Actions: When the Fountain is muddy it muſt ſtain the Rivulet, and the predominant Paſſion gives a Tincture to all our Cares and Pleaſures; ſo that Men ordinarily love others out of a Tenderneſs to themſelves, and do good Offices to receive 'em with Increaſe and Uſury: Nay, if we follow the beſt Friendſhip we meet with to its Source, and allow it to be what it ſometimes really is, a paſſionate Inclination to ſerve another,

another, without Hopes or visible Possibility of receiving a Return, yet we must also allow, that there is a deep Interest to ourselves (though indeed a beautiful one) in satisfying that Inclination; but that good Intention is subject to be changed and interrupted (as perhaps it was taken up) by Accident, Mistake, or Turn of Humour; but he that loves others for the Love of God, must be unchangeable, for the Cause of his Benevolence to us is so; and though indeed he is not without Self-regard in the Hopes of receiving one Day an immense Reward of all his Labour, yet since that is separate from this World, it is to all Intents of Life, as far from the interfering with our Purposes, as if he had no such Expectation; and that very Prospect in him is not of a selfish incommunicable Nature, but is augmented and furthered by our Participation, while his Joys are quickned and redoubled by the joint Wishes of others: This is that blessed State of Mind which is so excellently called Singleness of Heart; which inseparable Peace and Happiness, 'tis not in the Power of all the Tinsel in the World to discompose; for to a Christian and knowing Mind Earth is but Earth, though the refined Dirt shine into Gems, and glister into Gold.

He that thus justly values the Wealth which Heav'n has bestow'd upon him, cannot grow giddy in the Possession of it, for it serves only to express a noble and Christian Nature, which dispenses liberally, and enjoys abstinently the Goods which he knows he may lose and must leave: But this extensive Magnanimity, according to the Rules of our Faith, is not to be bestow'd on those only

only who are our Friends, but muſt reach alſo to our very Enemies; tho' good Senſe as well as Religion is ſo utterly baniſh'd the World, that Men glory in their very Paſſions, and purſue Trifles with the utmoſt Vengeance: So little do they know that to forgive is the moſt arduous Pitch human Nature can arrive at; a Coward has often fought, a Coward has often conquer'd, but *a Coward never forgave.* The Power of doing that flows from a Strength of Soul conſcious of its own Force, whence it draws a certain Safety which its Enemy is not of Conſideration enough to interrupt; for 'tis peculiar in the Make of a brave Man to have his Friends ſeem much above him, his Enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our Enemies may ſo intenſe a Forgiveneſs, as the Love of 'em is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the Force of Conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined Moral introduced by him, who died for thoſe that perſecuted him, yet very juſtly deliver'd to us, when we conſider ourſelves as Offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable Terms of forgiving; for who can aſk what he will not beſtow? Eſpecially when that Gift is attended with a Redemption from the cruelleſt Slavery to the moſt acceptable Freedom: For when the Mind is in the Contemplation of Revenge, all its Thoughts muſt ſurely be tortured with the alternate Pangs of Rancour, Envy, Hatred, and Indignation: And they who profeſs a Sweet in the Enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the conſummate Bliſs of Reconciliation: At ſuch an Inſtant the falſe Ideas

we received unravel, and the Shineſs, the Diſtruſt, the ſecret Scorns, and all the baſe Satisfactions, Men had in each other's Faults and Misfortunes, are diſpell'd, and their Souls appear in their native Whiteneſs, without the leaſt Streak of that Malice or Diſtaſte which ſullied 'em: And perhaps thoſe very Actions, which (when we look'd at 'em in the oblique Glance with which Hatred doth always ſee Things) were horrid and odious, when obſerved with honeſt and open Eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if Men are averſe to us in the moſt violent Degree, and we can never bring 'em to an amicable Temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate Oppoſition to 'em, and never let the Malice of our Enemies have ſo effectual an Advantage over us, as to eſcape our good Will: For the neglected and deſpiſed Tenets of Religion are ſo generous, and in ſo tranſcendant and heroic a manner diſpoſed for public Good, that 'tis not in a Man's Power to avoid their Influence; for the Chriſtian is as much inclined to your Service when your Enemy, as the moral Man when your Friend.

Now ſince the Dictates of Chriſtianity are thus excellently ſuited to an enlarged Love and Ambition to ſerve the World, the moſt immediate Method of ſeeing to what Height they would accompliſh that noble Work, is taking the Liberty of obſerving how they would naturally influence the Actions and Paſſions of ſuch Perſons, as have Power to exert all the Dictates and Impulſes which are inſpired, either by their Inclinations or Opinions; for whatever

ever is acted in the narrow Path of a private Life, passes away in the same Obscurity that 'twas perform'd in; while the Purposes and Conduct of Princes attract all Eyes, and employ all Tongues; in which difficult Station and Character it is not possible, but that a Man, without Religion must be much more exquisitely happy, than the meanest of his Vassals; for the repeated Pomp and Pageantry of Greatness must needs become in time, either languid in the Satisfactions they give, or turn the Heads of the Powerful, so that it is absolutely necessary that he should have something of more inward and deep Regard, to keep his Condition from being an Oppression, either to himself or others.

There were not ever before the Entrance of the Christian Name into the World, Men who have maintain'd a more renown'd Carriage than the two great Rivals who possess the full Fame of the present Age, and will be the Theme and Examination of the future: They are exactly form'd by Nature for those Ends, to which Heaven seems to have sent 'em amongst us: Both animated with a restless Desire of Glory, but pursue it by different Means, and with different Motives: To one it consists in an extensive undisputed Empire over his Subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary Obedience: One's Happiness is founded in their Want of Power, the other's in their Want of Desire to oppose him: The one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the Luxury of a *Persian*, the other with the Moderation of a *Spartan*; one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed: The one is satisfied with the Pomp and

and oſtentation of Power to prefer and debaſe his Inferiors, the other delighted only with the Cauſe and Foundation of it, to cheriſh and protect 'em: To one therefore Religion is but a convenient Diſguiſe, to the other a vigorous Motive of Action.

For without ſuch Ties of real and ſolid Honour, there is no way of forming a Monarch, but after the *Machiavilian* Scheme, by which a Prince muſt ever ſeem to have all Virtues, but really to be Maſter of none, but is to be liberal, merciful and juſt, only as they ſerve his Intereſts; while with the noble Art of Hypocriſy, Empire would be to be extended, and new Conqueſts be made by new Devices, by which prompt Addreſs his Creatures might inſenſibly give Law in the Buſineſs of Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it, and making their great Monarch the Fountain of all thats delicate and refin'd, and his Court the Model for Opinions in Pleaſure, as well as the Pattern in Dreſs; which might prevail ſo far upon an undiſcerning World as (to accompliſh it for its approaching Slavery) to make it receive a ſuperfluous Babble for an Univerſal Language.

Thus when Words and Show are apt to paſs for the ſubſtantial Things we are only to expreſs, there would need no more to enſlave a Country but to adorn a Court; for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe himſelf capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready Bait for Sufferings, and the hopes of Preferment Invitations to Servitude, which Slavery would be colour'd with all the Agree-

ments, as they call it, imaginable: The nobleſt Arts and Artiſts, the fineſt Pens and moſt elegant Minds, jointly employ'd to ſet it off, with the various Embelliſhments of ſumptuous Entertainments, charming Aſſemblies, and poliſh'd Diſcourſes: And thoſe apoſtate Abilities of Men, the ador'd Monarch might profuſely and ſkilfully encourage, while they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice at ſo high a rate, that he without Scorn of the one, or Love of the other, could alternately and occaſionally uſe both, and let his Bounty ſhould ſupport him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his Cruelties.

Nor is it to give Things a more ſevere Look than is natural, to ſuppoſe ſuch muſt be the Conſequences of a Prince's having no other Purſuit than that of his own Glory; for if we conſider an Infant born into the World, and beholding itſelf the mightieſt Thing in it, it ſelf the preſent Admiration and future Proſpect of a fawning People, who profeſs themſelves great or mean according to the Figure he is to make amongſt 'em; what Fancy would not be debauch'd to believe they were but what they profeſſed themſelves, his mere Creatures, and uſe 'em as ſuch, by purchaſing with their Lives a boundleſs Renown, which he, for want of a more juſt Proſpect, would place in the number of Slaves, and the extent of his Territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a Prince's living with no Religion, which are not to be ſurpaſſed but by his having a falſe one.

If Ambition were ſpirited with Zeal, what would follow, but that his People ſhould be

be converted into an Army, whose Swords can make Right in Power, and solve Controversy in Belief? and if Men should be stiff-necked to the Doctrine of that visible Church, let 'em be contented with an Oar, and a Chain, in the midst of Stripes and Anguish, to contemplate on him, whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burden is Light.

With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects and Indignation that others draw their Breath independent of his Frown or Smile, why should he not proceed to the Seizure of the World; and if nothing but the Thirst of Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why should Treaties be other than mere Words, or solemn National Compacts be any thing but an Halt in the March of that Army, who are never to lay down their Arms, 'till all Men are reduc'd to the Necessity of Hanging their Lives on his way-ward Will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own Sins by other Mens Sufferings; while he daily meditates new Slaughter, and new Conquest.

For mere Man, when giddy with unbridled Power, is an insatiate Idol, not to be appeas'd with Myriads offer'd to his Pride, which may be puffed up by the Adulation of a base and prostrate World, into an Opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less: And alas, what is there that mortal Man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the Attributes of God? He can then conceive Thoughts of a Power as *omnipresent* as his: But should there be such a Foe of Mankind now upon Earth, have our Sins so

far provoked Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his Fury? Is there no Power, no Leader, no Genius that can conduct and animate us to our Death, or our Defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his Permiſſion, but he gave to another alſo to reign by his Grace.

All the Circumſtances of the illuſtrious Life of our Prince, ſeem to have conſpired to make him the Check and Bridle of Tyranny, for his Mind has been ſtrengthen'd and confirm'd by one continued Struggle, and Heaven has educated him by Adverſity to a quick Senſe of the Diſtreſſes and Miſeries of Mankind, which he was born to redreſs: In juſt Scorn of the trivial Glories, and light Oſtentations of Power, that glorious Inſtrument of Providence, moves like that, in a ſteddy, calm, and ſilent Courſe, independent either of Applauſe or of Calumny, which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philoſophic, an heroic, and Chriſtian Senſe, an abſolute Monarch: Who ſatisfied with this unchangeable, juſt and ample Glory, muſt needs turn all his Regards from himſelf, to the Service of others; for he begins his Enterprizes with his own Share in the Succeſs of 'em, for Integrity bears in itſelf its Reward, nor can that which depends not on Event ever know Diſappointment.

With the undoubted Character of a glorious Captain, and (what he much more values than the moſt ſplendid Titles) that of a ſincere and honeſt Man, he is the Hope and Stay of *Europe*, an univerſal Good, not to be engroſſed by us only; for diſtant Potentates implore his Friendſhip, and injured Empires court his Aſ-

ſiſtance: He rules the World, not by an Invaſion of the People of the Earth, but the Addreſs of its Princes; and if that World ſhould be again rouſed from the Repoſe which his prevailing Arms have given it, why ſhould we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whoſe Influence the terrible Enemy that thinks himſelf prepared for Battle, may find he is but ripe for Deſtruction, and that there may be in the Womb of Time great Incidents, which may make the Cataſtrophe of a proſperous Life as unfortunate, as the particular Scenes of it were ſucceſsful.

For there does not want a ſkilful Eye, and reſolute Arm, to obſerve and graſp the Occaſion: A Prince, who from a juſt Notion of his Duty to that Being, to whom he muſt be accountable, has in the Service of his Fellow-Creatures, a noble Contempt of Pleaſures, and Patience of Labours, to whom 'tis hereditary to be the Guardian and Aſſerter of the native Rights and Liberties of Mankind; and who, with a rational Ambition, knows how much greater 'tis to give than take away; whoſe every Day is productive of ſome great Action, in Behalf of Men's univerſal Liberty, which great Affection to 'em 'tis not in the Power of their very Ingratitude to alienate; he is conſtant and collected in himſelf, nor can their Murmurs interrupt his Toil, any more than their Dreams his Vigilance; a Prince, who never did or ſpoke any thing that could juſtly give Grief to his People, but when he mention'd his *Succeſſion* to 'em: But what grateful Mind can bear that inſupportable Reflection? No,

we

we will with endleſs Adoration implore Heaven to continue him to us, or expire in Heaps before his Pavilion, to guard his important Life, and in the joint Cauſe of Heaven and Earth, our Religion, and our Liberty, deſtroy like Miniſtring Angels, or die an Army of Martyrs.

FINIS.

EIR